

The Saturday News

SIXTH YEAR, No. 52.

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER, 9, 1911.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

Spenser's Note Book

MR. Sifton did not take long to make his preliminary announcement respecting the railway policy which the Speech from the Throne and the government press have been forecasting. The programme outlined is a most comprehensive one and if carried through will effect a complete economic revolution in Alberta.

In his speech on Tuesday the premier did not undertake to explain the means by which he proposed to secure the construction of the lines which he mentioned. This will come later. In the meanwhile there is nothing but gratification to express over the prospect of securing the opening up of vast new areas of great potentialities.

The northern and unsettled portion of the province is given first attention. There is to be a line to Grande Prairie from Edmonton and another from Athabasca Landing to Peace River Crossing. These are both well justified, though it has been assumed that the extension from Edmonton would serve both these points in the Peace River country.

A line from Athabasca Landing to Fort McMurray will place the Mackenzie Waterway in touch with the outside world. In view of the controversy that has arisen over the attempt of the Rutherford government to accomplish this object, this is the most important and significant part of the Sifton proposals.

The country to the northeast of Edmonton is to be served by a line running in that direction to Cold Lake, which lies on the eastern boundary of the province and about one hundred miles north of the latitude of Edmonton.

The other outstanding feature of the programme is that by which the north and south of the province will be joined by two lines, one running along the eastern and the other close to the western boundary. The first leaves the C.N.R. at Bruderheim, which is at the apex of the angle which the main line of that railway makes, thirty miles of Edmonton. It then extends north of the existing railway to a point about in the line of Vermilion, from which it turns south and continues to the American border.

The other north and south road goes southwest from Strathcona and runs south an average of three townships west of the C. and E., terminating near Pincher Creek. This will serve the foothill country.

The line already arranged for between Strathcona and Camrose is to be continued to the eastern border of the province where it will meet a line from Regina. Another branch runs from a point on the Stettler-Brazeau line, now under construction, about eighteen miles east of the C. and E., and joins the Goose Lake line to Calgary, at or near the settlement of Swallowvale.

No one will deny the comprehensiveness of these plans. When brought to completion, they will, provided the programme introduced by the Rutherford government three years ago this coming spring is also carried out in its entirety, change the whole map of Alberta.

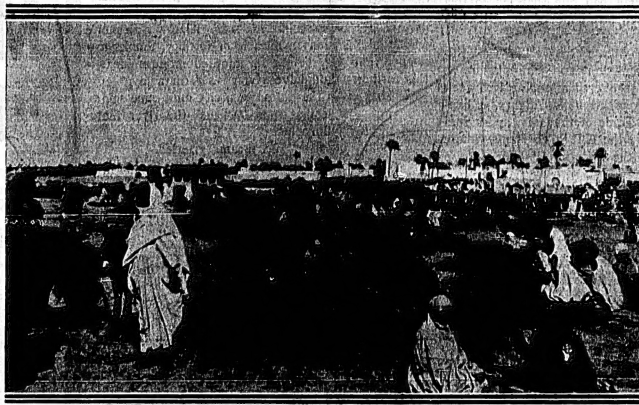
It will become one of the richest and most populous provinces in the Dominion. It possesses a variety of resources, such as no other member of Confederation can lay claim to. This has been proven to a certainty and the whole history of development goes to show that once railway communication is opened up a country will be found to contain wealth far beyond what has been demonstrated when it was still in a virgin state.

This is only natural. The prospectors and the experimenter do not have a proper chance when it is necessary to travel scores and hundreds of miles from the scene of their operations to the nearest railway. When the C.P.R. was projected, who was optimistic enough to believe that Western Canada would reveal one tenth of the possibilities that it was later shown to have?

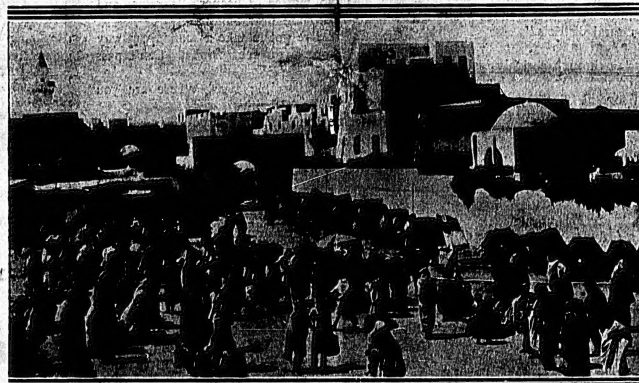
The argument that was used against the plans of the late government for opening up the north country, that railways should wait upon population has its folly shown by the plain teaching of the history of every new land. The Saturday News has from the first striven to show that this was the case and while it regrets that there has been so long a delay on the part of those in authority in recognizing the need of a forward policy along these lines, it is a matter of no small satisfaction to learn that there is every prospect at last of getting something done.

Alberta has a magnificent opportunity but it cannot afford to be a laggard in taking advantage of this.

Scenes in Tripoli



Great open-air market outside the walls of the City of Tripoli. It is held on Tuesdays weekly. American Press Service.



Public square in the City of Tripoli, which gives a good idea of the whole town. In the background is the residence of the Turkish Governor. American Press Service.

THE Montreal Gazette urges that Mr. Borden should not take disallowance proceedings, as he has been petitioned to do, in connection with the A. and G. W. legislation. It is not likely that he will rush into these, strong though the arguments undoubtedly are for his doing so. Wherever the Dominion has interfered with one of the provinces, the federal Cabinet of the day has always afforded a cry against itself which has proven very damaging in the end.

In connection with some of the legislation of the Whitney government, in Ontario there was ample excuse for Sir Wilfrid Laurier to intervene, but he declined to do so and his political sagacity in thus refraining cannot very well be denied.

IT does not look as if the Liberals in the old province had much chance of improving their standing in the election which takes place on Monday. No one has even suggested the possibility of turning Sir James Whitney out.

There is no doubt that his administration has been, taking it all round, an excellent one. It has been criticized as unprogressive in spots but the success which has attended its policy of providing cheap power from Niagara and the reforms in the management of the prisons and other institutions which Mr. Manna has been responsible for, have more than made up for deficiencies in other departments.

Sir James himself has the personal confidence of the people to an extent which can only be

matched in Ontario at least by the example of Sir Oliver Mowat.

Mr. Rowell's own election seems assured, North Oxford, which has always returned a Liberal having afforded him a haven, as it did for Sir Oliver Mowat for a quarter of a century. This means something, for once the new leader gets into the Legislature he will undoubtedly be able to accomplish something worth while in the rebuilding of the party, which has been so sadly demoralized for a half a dozen years back.

A DESPATCH from Ottawa speaks of the decision of the Borden government to create another judge from Alberta. This is, of course written in serious error. It is the provincial government which arranges for the establishment of new judgeships. All that the Dominion does is to select the man who is to fill the post.

There should be no delay in doing this, as the High Court is seriously undermanned and cannot discharge its functions satisfactorily under present conditions. The admission made by Mr. Justice Stuart that he could not give the time to the A. and G.W. argument that it required should serve to draw attention to the need for immediate action.

IT is stated in the eastern papers that a gentleman at present incarcerated in Kingston Penitentiary and describing himself as a life-long Tory has written Mr. Andrew Broder to say that he

will soon be at liberty and would like a position in the civil service.

This sounds as if might be the product of the imagination of an imitator of W. S. Gilbert. But those who have some knowledge of the pressure that is brought to bear upon the men who have offices to distribute will not find it difficult to credit the statement.

Besides we all know men who have been appointed to public office, who, everyone recognized, should be in penitentiary. So what is so surprising about the desire for preferment expressed by a man already in quod?

THE difficulty in connection with the Edmonton-Strathcona amalgamation project that the late summoning of the Legislature presented has been very easily overcome after all. The present councils will stay in office two months beyond their regular time, till the first of March, and we shall have the first elections of the Greater City in February instead of in January.

No harm will be done by the arrangement. In fact it is an improvement in one way. December, with all the activity preceding Christmas is not the best month in the year for the purposes of an election. In February the citizens are more likely to give municipal affairs the serious attention that they require and send to the council a better class of men.

It would accordingly not be a bad thing at all if the city's year were so arranged that we could have an after-Christmas election as a regular thing. Our provincial and Dominion governments are supposed to consult the public convenience in setting the dates for the election held under their auspices.

Why should this not be done with municipalities as well?

The first of March is a little late for a council to start in doing business with the spring opening so soon afterwards. More time should be given for the laying of plans for the season's work. But a January election with the council taking office on February 1st would meet the situation admirably.

IN another part of this issue there appears an interesting contribution to an old discussion.

A writer in the London Daily Mail asserts that the day of the old man has come again and supports his contention in a very original way.

The other view is stated very boldly in a recent editorial article in the Toronto World which runs:

"At times you see a judge, fossilized, on the bench! Unfortunately we have no way of removing specimens of this kind—except we appoint them when young and fresh-minded—then they reach the pension age before petrification sets in. No man should go on the bench after he has passed forty years of age, and he should go off when he has reached the age of not more than Mr. Balfour, who is sixty-three. Not that there have not been some of the wisest judges on the English roll, who were over seventy years of age; but there were a lot of others as well alongside!"

"In a word, the public problems of today are so many in number, they are so insistent, of settlement that the best ones to handle and settle them are the fresh, the vigorous and the up-to-date intellects."

"High time also it is that we in this country resent the fossilized saying that this man because he is young, vigorous and has something new and because he is, as they say, 'Ahead of his time,' is to be sent back to the rear."

"What party today is making a bid for young men? Mr. Rowell has come forward as a young man and The World believes he will do well. What Mr. Rowell wants to do is to get more young men about him."

"And we almost forgot the universities! What a fine lot of petrifications are to be found in their bounds. But when it comes to that magnificent—and becoming ever more magnificent—profession, that of medicine, of surgery, of dentistry, most of all of prevention, how the splendid progress made insists, insists with relentless voice, that only the young, the vigorous—the firm-handed, the steady-nerved alone must act and prescribe. Efficiency is the watchword of medicine. Politics is in need of the ethics of medicine! The pulpit back to the hands of the clock in politics is in nearly every case a petrified hand, or rather hands!"

THE subject is not a safe one to generalize in connection with. Certainly when a man does become fossilized, he should not continue to hold responsible posts. But no age can be fixed upon arbitrarily as that at which one should give over his duties into younger hands.

(Continued on Page Nine.)

TORTURED BY BILIOUSNESS

AND TERRIBLE SICK HEADACHES

Both Completely Cured by "Fruit-a-lives"

DRESDEN, Ont. July 17th, 1910.
"I was a dreadful sufferer for many years from Sick Headaches and Biliousness, or Torpid Liver. I tried many remedies and physicians, but nothing seemed to do me any good. I finally used 'Fruit-a-lives' and after the first box, I was so much better that I continued using these fruit tablets and they have entirely cured me."
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It must have been a bad one that led to this naive confession in the last issue of the *Gleichen* Call:

"Our readers will please forgive the Call this issue for its sins of omission and commission, as the publisher has not recovered attending last week a Press Association convention at Calgary, a banquet by the Board of Trade of that city, and a special train excursion by the C.P.R. to Banff, where Dr. Brett banqueted the fraternity."

The fact that the new Tory leader in the Old Country was born in Canada has been made a good deal of. But the *Toronto Star Weekly* doesn't believe that he ever saw Canada. Gaze on one of his pictures and observe his necktie, it urges.

"It looks," we are told "as if it had been thrown into the ragbag by one of his Glasgow ironworkers. It is mused and crumpled, and the way it is tied reminds you of the first effort of your grandfather to adjust a four-in-hand after his little black shoestring bow had gone out of date. We would suspect Mr. Law of the unpardonable offence of wearing a ready-to-wear tie—the kind that fastens on with a spring. But it doesn't fit well enough for that. It hangs down, exhibiting not only the collar-button, but about half an inch of the collar flap below it. We don't know even a very rich man in Canada who wears such a tie in such a way. As for the brisk young men of this country—they simply wouldn't vote for a man who donned such neckwear, not even in rural districts."

The train was passing through a richly historic bit of Scotland, and the gentleman who knew the route well pointed out several ruined castles visible from the carriage windows. His lady friend was obviously impressed, but on consideration a difficulty seemed to occur to her. "They are interesting and romantic, aren't they?" she murmured. "But what I cannot understand is why they should have been built so near the railway line."

Yeast: He's spent a fortune, you know, on irrigation.
Crimsonbeak: Is that so? Land or throat.

He (rejected): Then you regard me merely as a summer lover, a convenient escort to excursions and picnics?

She: That's about the case, George. I have looked upon you as a lover in the picnician sense only.

She was a lady visitor to the prison, kindly and well meaning, and as she chatted with a burglar who had been sentenced to six months' imprisonment she thought she detected signs of reform in him. "And now," she said, "have you any plans for the future or on the expiration of your sentence?" "Oh, yes, ma'am," he said hopefully. "I've got the plans of two banks and a post office."

"That's a smart thing I have done," said the doctor to his assistant.

"What's that, doctor?"
"I have put my signature in the column 'cause of death' in his death certificate."

"John, when you come home in that condition at this unseemly hour I hardly know what to tell you!"

"At's awright, m'dear. I'm-hic-too late to clic-classify."

Aspiring Vocalist: "Professor, do you think I will ever be able to do anything with my voice?"

Perspiring Teacher: "Well, it might come in handy in case of fire or shipwreck."

Rastus: What yo' link is de mattah wif me, doctah?

Doctor: Oh, nothing but the chickenpox, I guess.

Rastus (getting nervous): I 'cl re on mah honah, doctor, I ain't been nowhar I could ketch dat!

Mary had a little lamb—
'Twas Persian—on her coat;
She also had a mink or two
About her dainty throat;

A bird of paradise, a tern,
And ermine made the hat
That perched at jaunty angle
On her coiffure, largely rat;
Her tiny boots were sable-topped,
Her gloves were muskrat, too;
Her muff had heads and tails of half
The 'critters' in the Zoo;
And when she walked abroad, I ween,
She feared no wintry wind;
At keeping warm 'twas plain to see
She had all nature 'skinned.'

—The Brooklyn 'Eagle.'

Henry Wallace of Des Moines, president of the National Conservation Congress, was talking to a reporter about scientific farming.

"We don't farm scientifically enough," he said. "Many a barren tract could be made, by scientific methods, to blossom like the rose. I know a farmer whose land is today a miracle of fertility, thanks to science, and yet, before he adopted modern ideas, this farmer would have given 's farm away."

"To him, in the old days, a city man once said: 'Why is it that nobody fishes the river that runs through your place?'"

"Ain't no fish," the farmer grunted.
"Why are there no fish in such a fine, large river?"

"Stranger," the farmer answered, "if you could git out o' this thin-s'iled and barren country as easy as a fish kin, do ye nehkon ye'd stay?"

Mrs. Gotham: You are going down town, are you not?

Mr. Gotham: Yes, my dear.
Mrs. G.: Well, I wish you'd drop into Silke, Ribbon and Co.'s on your way and match the—

Mr. G. (hurriedly): I've got to see Jones, and that will take me some distance from Silke, Ribbon and Co.'s.

Mrs. G.: Well, Mr. Jones' office is only a short distance from the Imported Finery Bazaar, and that will do just as well. Take this and ask—

M. G. (hastily): After leaving Jones I must see Smith, who is in the opposite direction from the bazaar, you know.

Mrs. G.: No matter. Cheaper, Bargains, and Co. will do. They are near Smith's.

Mr. G.: But I've got to take a 'roundabout way to Smith's, in order to see Brown. Can't pass Cheaper, Bargains, and Co.'s, my dear.

Mrs. G. (impatiently): H'm! Where are you going after you leave Smith's?

Mr. G. (helplessly): I'm going up in a balloon.
—Til-Bits.

The Winter Timetable of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway will become effective Wednesday, November 29th.

Trains Nos. 1 and 2 will arrive and depart from Edmonton as at present, making practically no change in this service, excepting at certain points East of Watrous these trains will make regular stops where heretofore they have not been doing so.

The most important change is in connection with the Edmonton-Tofield-Camrose-Mirror service. Trains Nos. 11 and 12 leaving Edmonton daily at 5.30 p.m. and arriving at 12.30 p.m. will be withdrawn. Train No. 11 from Camrose will run to Edmonton on the 29th instant for the last time—Train No. 12 will leave Edmonton for the last time on the 28th instant. This district will be served by a mixed train service between Tofield, Camrose and Mirror and intermediate points.

AMERICANS ABROAD.

A writer in the New York Sun explains why it is that well-behaved Americans in Europe are always supposed to be English. He speaks of what happened in Rome during Holy Week. An American woman after stridently denouncing the practice of pious Catholics who ascend the Santa Scala on their knees, actually ran up and down the stairs before any one could prevent her. At Fiesole he saw two young American women standing before the monastery. One of them said, "They don't let women in there, but I'm going to make them let me in." So they knocked loudly on the door, and when the attendant monk appeared they demanded admission and were not in the least abashed by his refusal. The writer in the Sun continues:

"Not long ago I heard in a hotel two women at the next table comparing experiences of foreign travel. One said: 'I was in St. Peter's on one of those days—Easter, ain't it?—when they bring the Pope in a chair through the church. There was a great crowd; all on their knees, and they kissed his ring. I said, 'Jest you wait till he comes by me. I won't do any ring-kissing.' So he came along, and I took hold of his hand and gave it a good loud smack that you'd have heard a block off. He looked down 'n' smiled, 'n' said, 'American.'"

What a wealth of national humiliation lies hidden in the comment of the Pope. And to think that but for that boisterous affront he could never have identified his squaw visitor as an "American."—The Argonaut.

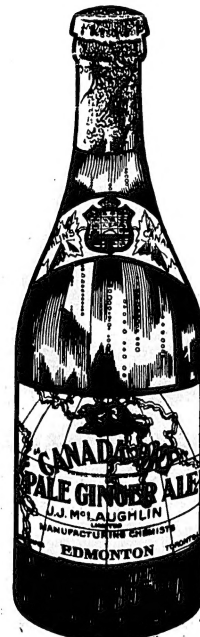
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A Month on a Boer Farm**A MONTH ON A BOER FARM.**

An American woman travelling in South Africa was detained by floods and compelled to spend a month on a Boer farm. The first night, she writes in Health Culture, was interesting and novel. All sorts of strange noises "populated" the air, and what she and her husband took for a tame lion was "merely the roaring of the ostriches under our window." But "simple life" on a Boer farm soon became very simple indeed, and all Boers were pronounced boors. She tells us:

The farmer and his family lived chiefly on sour bread and sour-skimmed milk. I was, therefore, hungry most of the time and the ripe figs hanging in clusters were pretty alluring. After pushing back the skin of the fig and enjoying the soft fruit with its tropical taste, I had a refreshing night's sleep, only to awaken in the morning pretty well scared, for my tongue was so swollen and black that I could not talk.

The Boer wife laughed and enjoyed my discom-
figure and explained that the skin of the fig had
numerous fine thorns and I had not been careful to
remove it when eating.

When I told the farmer's wife that I liked but-
termilk in quantity, I noticed that I had a cupful or
so given me, but she threw it by the painful to the
pigs. They were of far more consequence to her
than I, for they would stay longer with her, and
were her familiars. I was not.

Then, again, when I was hungry for butter on
my bread, a white clammy substance made from
"sheep-tail fat" was handed to me, and I could not
allow the farmer's wife to see me quiver. She sold
her butter in the village close by, at seventy-five
cents a pound, more or less. Sour bread and green
strawberries (plenty of them) were considered
good enough.

This Boer family was one of the wealthiest of
their kind. There was not a ripple of fun or ex-

uberant life in anything but the live stock. Con-
versation was a dead language—unknown.

The women are mute beings, accepting their
destiny with a deep stillness. The wife gives of
her strength to the limit, and dies after giving birth
to a dozen or more children, to make way for wife
number two, who gives another dozen children to
her country. Her adobe house, with its dirt floor
made of antihill clay mixed with beef gall, is a
chamber of horror to an American traveler.

The farmer depends upon his ten or eighteen
children, of all sizes, to help him. A Kafir as an
employee is undependable as the wind that blows.
Yet the Kafir is the hired man in the mines and
elsewhere in South Africa. The white man as a
day laborer is a general failure. He can not be
worked in droves like the Kafir from the interior,
whose language, in clicks and vowel sounds, is
hardly human.

The Boer is not long-lived. One seldom met
an aged Boer of the old stock. Oom Paul Kruger,
who was seventy-five years old when he died, was
an exception. Hatred towards the Uitlander and
the lust for gold and power was what kept the fires
of life burning at white heat within him.

To stem the elements alone in Africa takes the
stoutest heart. Fevers assail the discouraged and
underfed home boy. The easily forded streams be-
come rivers, like swirling Niagaras, in a few hours,
and terrific thunderstorms paralyze one sensitive to
electricity influences.

There is no pretty, little, far-off streak in the
sky which the amateur photographer can catch on
his film, but the air is charged with electricity so
appalling in its violet-hued and deep orange earth-
bound clouds that one has to come to a complete
standstill, whether walking or riding in the open
veldt, so as not to attract the ribbonlike lightning
playing around him and venting its fury on any
moving object.

**"SHAKERS" WHO BELIEVE IN EUTHANASIA.**

Members of the religious colony at Kissimmee, Florida, where Sadie L. Marchant, a victim of con-
sumption, was chloroformed to death at her personal request, and after repeated prayers. She is seen
standing in the rear row. Those who effected her demise are Elizabeth A. Sears, the old woman seated
in the rocking chair, and Egbert B. Gillette, who leans on the chair behind her. The others are sup-
posed to have been accessories.
Underwood & Underwood, New York.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN THE WEST.

The Roman Catholic Church has ever been a
great missionary pioneer on this continent, paving
the way, not merely for spiritual advancement, but
also for material progress. Its priests, in common
with other missionaries, have endured the hard-
ships, braving death itself to proclaim glad tidings
To the boatman on the river,
To the hunter on the plain.

Father Gratton perished on the prairie, close
to Regina, on a cold winter night. Father Farfard
and another priest whose name the writer has for-
gotten, fell at Frog Lake on Good Friday at 1885,
when the natives rose in rebellion against the in-
troduction of civil government. These and numer-
ous other incidents remind us of the common citi-
zenship of Roman Catholics and Protestants.—Re-
gina Standard.

London Truth pays this very high tribute to a
young actress who already is rapidly making a great
name for herself and has fully maintained the

splendid traditions of her family. She is the daugh-
ter of Fred Terry and Julia Neilson.

"Everybody is talking about Miss Neilson-
Terry's performance as Juliet," says Truth, "and
having been to see it for myself, I cannot help join-
ing in the talk. It seems to me that here we have
as near an approach as can well be imagined to the
real Juliet that Shakespeare must have had in his
mind. We have all seen talented but middle-aged
actresses give highly finished and artistic represen-
tations of the part, but they fail to carry conviction,
because the real Juliet is a child, and no middle-
aged woman can transport herself back to sixteen
years of age without the effort being perceptible.
The charm of Miss Neilson-Terry's performance is
that no effect is perceived—unless once where she
follows stage tradition in trying to rise to heights of
tragic intensity. She looks, speaks, and carries her-
self like a girl just out of the schoolroom, and if
it is done with art the art is that which conceals it-
self. Nor is this a "star" performance. The play
is well presented all round, and all the characters
are in their right places in the picture."

Makes lighter,
whiter, better
flavored bread,
—produces
more loaves
to bag.

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DISTINGUISHED KITE FLYERS

Frenzied finance is not exclu-
sively a habit of recent years. At
the Riggs National Bank in Wash-
ington there is carefully guarded
proof of the foregoing assertion.
Regarding the proof, there is told
this story: One winter morning,
Henry Clay, finding himself in
need of money, went to the Riggs
Bank and asked for the loan of
\$250 on his personal note. He
was told that, while his credit was
perfectly good, it was an inflexi-
ble rule of the bank to require an
endorser. The great statesman
hunted up Daniel Webster and
asked him to endorse the note.
"With pleasure," said Webster.
"But I need some money myself.
Why not make your note for
\$500, and you and I will split
it?" This they did. And today
the note is in the Riggs Bank—
unpaid.

When a girl acquires the habit
of liking to be in her own room
for reflection she has reached the
love letter stage.

VICTORIA PLACE

An Interesting Opportunity

Judging from the way the investors are buying Victoria Place lots and paying cash for them, there is likely to be a tremendous amount of building done in this subdivision during the coming season. The prices and terms cannot be beaten.

Original Prices Now. \$200 per Lot. up. 1-4 Cash, 6-12-18 Months at 7 per cent interest

Phone or call and let us drive you out.

This appeals to the man with capital as well as to the man with small means.

Victoria Place Gives Promise of Great Advances in Value

An Investment That Will Stand the Acid Test

Investments nowadays are plentiful, but few will stand the acid test of analysis. Here is one that invites your rigid investigation—an investment of genuine merit and sure profits—an investment that deals with accomplishments instead of probabilities—an investment you'll do well to take advantage of.

Your Money will Double & Treble in a short time because Victoria Place has Water and Sewer guaranteed.

Telephone, Light and School already there.

On the car line; close in; on Alberta Avenue.

THE CENTER OF EDMONTON'S INDUSTRIES.

Every large industry has been built or is to build within a few hundred yards of Victoria Place.

Realize Now—Original Prices

Imperial Investment Co.

64 JASPER AVE. E.

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NEWFOUNDLAND TOO SENDS GOOD NEWS

OF THE GREAT WORK DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS ARE DOING.

J. C. Green, a sufferer from Rheumatism and Lumbago for five years, finds quick relief and complete cure in Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Clam Bank Cove, Bay St. George, Nfld., Dec. 4.—Newfoundland contributes its share of the splendid cures made by Dodd's Kidney Pills. There is a striking example at this place. Mr. J. C. Green, a well known resident, suffered from Rheumatism and Lumbago for five years. Today he is a well man and does not hesitate to give Dodd's Kidney Pills all the credit for the cure.

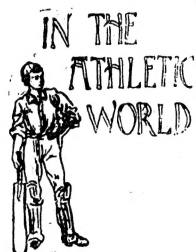
"My trouble was caused by strain and cold," Mr. Green says, in telling his story. "And for five years I suffered from Rheumatism and Lumbago. I was always tired and nervous. My sleep was broken and unrefreshing and the pains of neuralgia added to my distress."

I was in very bad shape indeed when I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills, but they soon gave me relief. It is because I found a cure in Dodd's Kidney Pills that I recommend them to my friends. Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure Kidney ills no matter where it is found or in what stage it is in.

ON A BOOK OF POEMS THAT FAILED.

A little book that had its day—That had its little, little day—It simply came and said its say—And simply, simply from the fray, Of stronger things and things more gay, Unheard, unsung it passed away.

But who shall say some register, Outside the pageant where we stir Some record of a finer air— Shall not protect with kindly care Its fragile form, and show it fair To good folk hence and other-where! —George Wallasey. In T. P.'s Magazine.



London Truth throws this interesting sidelight on the recent Calgary football team tour in Great Britain:

"My friend the Sportsman waxed exceeding wrath with the Rev. F. B. Meyer, the Archbishop of Canterbury and York, and a few other sports for protesting against the Johnson-Wells fight. So far as I can gather England is in consequence going to the dogs. Well, let me call my contemporary's attention to the following simple facts. The Corinthians play Association football, they are old public school and university players, they have recently been on tour in Canada and the United States. The Corinthians are a club that owes allegiance to the Amateur Football Association. When they got to Calgary, Alberta, they were fixed up to play Calgary. The crack club there is the Hillhurst team. Naturally their members would form the majority of the home team. But would they play? There was consternation in the camp. And for this reason. The Hillhurst team were arranging a tour in England under the auspices of the Football Association, and Mr. F. A. Wall, with that kindly forethought that ever characterises his actions as the secretary of the Football Association, wrote and warned the Hillhurst team that if they played against the Corinthians they would be unable to meet clubs affiliated to the Football Association in England. However, the Hillhurst men, after first of all deciding not to play, ultimately took the field. And, strange as it may seem, they are now playing in England against teams affiliated to the F.A. They opened against the Liverpool reserves, who beat them by the odd goal in nine. They are playing several men who played for Calgary. But now they are in England they will not be able to play against those football outcasts, the Corinthians. The Football Association will see to that. I believe that it may be said that the Hillhurst men, not being affiliated to the F.A., escaped any technical penalty. However that may

be, it is perfectly clear that the threat of disqualification would never have been carried out, because our Colonial visitors have a gate-money potentiality which is not to be ignored. But what does the Sportsman think of the spoilsport policy of the F.A., of which, of course, that staunch Imperialist, Mr. F. A. Wall, was nothing but the salaried penman? There is no preference for Canada in the policy of the Football Association. Those in authority are determined to make the tours abroad of A.F.A. clubs impossible if they can and unpleasant if they cannot. They literally retarded the Corinthians by threatening their opponents with pains and penalties. This is the true Imperialistic policy of an Association that boasts of his Majesty as patron, and literally gloats over the fact that Lord Kinnaird is its president. The F.A. forgets that his Majesty is also patron of the A.F.A. To an average-minded man that would be a good enough hint that differences should be healed. But when overtures were made last year the F.A. insisted that the A.F.A., if affiliated, should consist only of the clubs that then belonged to it. In other words, it was to be strangled slowly out of existence. Unable to kill, the F.A. now proceeds to wound, and when it dare not wound it pretends to strike.



TWO GENTLEMEN OF WARWICKSHIRE. Mr. R. F. Foster (Captain of the Warwickshire XI, who have just won the cricket championship): "Tell Kent from me she hath lost."—II. Henry VI., v. 10. William Shakespeare: "Warwick, thou art worthy!"—III. Henry VI., iv. 6.—"Punch."

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NARCISSUS HYACINTHS

Already our orders exceed those of last year. Select your plants. We have a fine assortment: Azaleas, Cylamen, Primulas, Ferns and Palms.

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Phone 1292



N.B.—Greenhouses are open in the evenings to enable our customers to inspect our goods.

Kidney, Bladder and Gall Stone diseases cured; stones removed; no pain, no operation. Information free. **SANOL**, 977 Main Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

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Are you profiting by having your clothes made at
La FLECHE BROS.

The place for quality and style.

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You don't have to buy another at a different place because we will please you and results count.
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That's Our System. At 118 Jasper W.

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**DIAMOND RINGS
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**BRACELETS
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SIGNET RINGS**

Try ordering your Christmas Gifts from C. R. McLachlan. You will find that it will prove very satisfactory. Your gifts will be different. Of the best quality. Appropriately wrapped in neat cases. Your attention is requested to our fine selection of Loose Diamonds, which will be mounted into any ring, pin, or brooch you desire.

Select your gifts early.

It means less worry and work for you, and assures you of a satisfactory getting of the articles you want. We are showing some specially good lines and would like to have you see them. The neatness of our store, the courteous treatment, and lowest possible prices, are our inducements.

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TOLD HER TO REST BUT SHE COULDN'T

BUT MRS. CHEFF FOUND A
CURE IN DODD'S KIDNEY
PILLS

She suffered from Rheumatism, Neuralgia and other symptoms of Diseased Kidneys—Dodd's Kidney Pills made her strong and healthy.

Peveril, Vaudreuil Co., Que., Nov. 6. (Special).—One more of the tired, pain-wrecked women of Canada has found relief and new life in Dodd's Kidney Pills. She is Mrs. Jos. Cheff, of this place, and she never tires of telling her neighbors of her wonderful cure or singing the praises of the good old remedy that brought it about.

"I suffered from Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Violent Headaches and Palpitation of the Heart," Mrs. Cheff states. "My back ached. I was always tired and nervous and I had weak spells. My doctor told me to just rest, but that was just what I couldn't do, till reading of the cures of others led me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"From the first dose they helped me. I soon left my bed and started to do my ordinary housework.

"I took in all twelve boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills and now my health is excellent. I recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to all suffering women."

Thousands of Canadian women will tell you that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the one sure relief for suffering women.

JOYS OF THE OLD FASHIONED

(Chicago Tribune.)

A gentleman writing "To the Editor of the New York Sun—Sir:" and having on his mind certain discomforts of the old Astor library, the loss of which he mourns, and certain comforts of the new library, the gain of which he regrets, thus describes himself: "Being an old fogey. I naturally prefer the restaurant with its sanded floor, the open grill with the juicy chops and steaks around you to make your individual choice, the tankard of beer, and the churchwarden pipe, to the new fangled palaces of light and unwholesome food. On the same principle, the old Astor library appealed to me a great deal more than the present overwhelming structure."

It is pleasing to think we know and are fond of this type. Occasionally, but not necessarily, its representatives carry gold-headed canes, wear goshaws and white side whiskers.

Their habits are precise, their manners kindly, their courtesy smiling and genuine. They are reflective but not mentally adventurous. Their habit of politics is almost as set as their habit of eating. Occasionally one enjoys snuff and feels the loss of Alexander Hamilton. More frequently they have cherished recipes for pipe mixtures and are made indignant by the modern cocktail.

Modern political opinion is likely to raise in them the same feeling of antagonism which is aroused by the coat room boys, who snatch their canes, hats and coats when they are so unfortunate as to find their appetites betrayed to a "new fangled palace of unwholesome food."

In spite of the fact that unevenly distributed heat and drafts give them a touch of rheumatism, they prefer an open fireplace to a radiator, although the latter would serve their omforts. They like to do their own marketing for delicacies, and when in their favorite restaurants to make a careful selection of their own chops or steaks.

They like old books and prefer to renew acquaintance annually with an author they know rather than to make the acquaintance of one they do not. To be happy their experiences must be mellowed, not lively. They know the joys of habit and also its sorrows.

Spring frequently is a time of distress to them. It brings building operations, which wipe out landmarks.

—O—
"One half the world doesn't know how the other half lives."
"Well, why don't they read the society column?"



THE SONG OF THE DEAD (ALL SOULS' NIGHT, NOVEMBER 2).

(Una Arleve'de Taylor, in the "Westminster Gazette.")

Eternal Light shines on us, but we would see again
The quiet darkness falling on the twilight homes
of men;

Eternal day is ours, but where the hearth-fires burn,
For a little space of earth-grey dusk once more we
would return.

Eternal joy is round us, but we would tread once
more

The fields where sheep are folded and the burn
threshing-floor;

For wing-beats of great angels we would hear the
herdsman's call,
And hear the oxen homing with their heavy soft
footfall.

And we would stay a little while beside the ashes'
glow,
Within the silent, silent house, until the red cocks
crow,

And in the slumbering human home unbroken
silence keep,
Nor fret one thought of those who sleep, as we
were wont to sleep.

As shadows amid shadows we would watch the hour-
glass,

And at the dawn no ear shall catch the sound of
souls that pass;

And silent as the shadows, as dreams in a lost night,
We shall go hence returning to the endless, endless
Light.

In the midst of a week more than full of work
and perplexities, I have snatched time to do a little
reading. I think there are times when, if one hadn't
books to fall back upon, one would go mad. By a
queer freak we English call stories, fiction. Yet
wouldn't it be more correct to call the artificial life
we most of us live, by that name, and books of
fiction, records of life?

Only in story-books do we see behind closed
doors, follow a man or woman behind the scenes,
get an insight into his real life and thoughts.

His thoughts!

Do you ever think how much more truly he
lives in them, than he does in the little set piece he
goes through upon the Mimic Stage?

What do I know of you who keep such a hold
front before the world?

What do you know of me?

What either of us, of the heart aches, the disappointments, the worries, the cares, the poor jests
spoken in such deadly earnest to hide the quivering
anxieties that assail us all, prince or peasant. Life
is no respecter of persons.

It is one of the tenets of the Social World in

which most of us live, that no matter what our real
circumstances, no matter what of peace of mind, or
happiness or duty, has to be sacrificed, one must
keep a brave heart and appearance before the
world.

No one is interested in a failure.

No one cares what honesty of purpose has held
you back from gathering the plums of life, so
temptingly hung over your walk. No one wants to
hear what a struggle you have put up to make
things go. It is what you have to show that counts.

That is why we have thieves and grafters, and
divorces, and suicides, and a social system so rotten
it is a wonder that it doesn't die of its own
rotteness.

That is why twenty-five-dollar-a-week men live
in fifty-dollar-a-month houses. That is why every
five dollar a week shop-girl is willing to sacrifice
everything almost, education, her intelligence, her
peace of mind—everything that counts—to ape the
woman whose husband earns his five and six thou-
sand a year.

That is why there is more going out of the front
door, than the bread-winner brings in at the back.

That is why there must be lace curtains on the
front parlor windows if the butcher, the baker and
candlestick maker have to whistle outside for their
money.

That is what makes life the problem it is, the
nerve-racking experience, the pitiful record of days
spent in profiles frittering, the milestones so many
tears or deals, with the biggest problem of it all—
the Why and Whither, untouched.

Last week I answered the door bell one day, to
be suddenly confronted with a man who hurled at
me the question:

"I suppose you are interested in the Bible?"

"No, indeed, I am not this morning," I answered, "I haven't time."

Now, of course, he was an agent and didn't
really care a twopence if I was or not, so as I
thought his wares. And of course it wasn't any of
his business if I did study the Good Book or no, but,
thinking the thing over afterwards, I had to acknowledge that I had literally spoken the truth. I
am not interested. I literally haven't "time."

I am too much engaged in getting and spending.
My life is too crowded with the immediate problem
of making things go.

Whither? I don't know.

Was it to go a continual tea-partying that you
and I were put here?

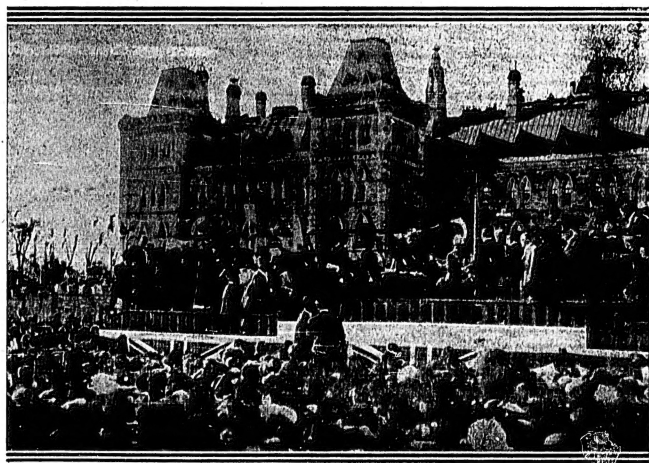
"Don't be so tiresome," you say.

Do ideals matter; does it make any difference
if one does keep one's heart unspoiled by the
World?

I think so, but drifting and playing the old
game of make-believe is so much easier, isn't it?

Before I get "deep," let me switch you to a
young husband I read about, in the few moments I

(Continued on page eight)



THE RECEPTION TO THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT AT OTTAWA.
Their Royal Highnesses on the temporary platform on Parliament Hill, when the greetings of the Corporation of Ottawa and many social organizations were tendered.

COLDS ARE THE SMALL DOOR LEADING TO LARGE ILLNESS.

If there is danger, it is well to know it.

The warning cough should demand immediate action.

If there is a remedy it is well to know it.

Mathieu's Syrup of Tar and Cod Liver Oil produces immediate results.

A cold cannot make headway when Mathieu's Syrup is used.

Prevention makes the cure unnecessary.

Delay makes the cure most difficult.

The healing properties of the Tar combined with the strengthening properties of Cod Liver Oil makes Mathieu's Syrup the invincible conqueror of colds. Large bottle 35 cents.

Sold by all druggists. When headache and fever are present with a cold take Mathieu's Syrup. It relieves the fever and eases the pain. J. J. Mathieu Co. Props. Sherbrooke Que. (C) DISTRIBUTORS FOR WESTERN CANADA: Foley Bros. Larson & Company, Ltd. Winnipeg, Edmonton, Vancouver, & Seattle.

TRAVELLERS DECIDE AGAINST TIPS

The tipping system has had war declared against it by the National League of Commercial Travellers of the United States.

The five hundred thousand members of the League, it is announced, will give tips no more, and will encourage the patronage of places where tips are forbidden.

As these men are constantly travelling, as they are generous patrons of hotels, restaurants and Pullmans, their conversion to the no-tipping system is, in itself, a fair beginning towards the abolition of this evil.

The League furnishes a few convicting figures as to the big part tipping plays on this continent.

Over a quarter of a million dollars passes daily in the United States in hotel and Pullman tips. In one New York hotel a contractor pays the hotel management over ten thousand dollars annually for the privilege of providing men to receive the guests' hats, coats, canes, etc., as they enter the grills and dining-rooms. The tips received pay the salaries of the help employed by the contractor, the ten thousand dollars rental, and allow sufficient margin for a large annual return on the investment.

Sixty to seventy dollars are received in this hotel daily in tips, and on rush days the tips go as high as two hundred dollars.

In other New York hotels waiters pay fifty to sixty and one hundred dollars to the management for the privilege of being allowed to work without any wages whatever, for ten hours daily.

The tips, however, which must amount in each case close to ten dollars daily, make the arrangement well worth while.

The tipping evil has grown beyond all proportion and reason, and the gage thrown down by the Commercial Travellers' League is one of which the majority of travellers will heartily approve.

SCIENCE SAYS ALUM IS UNFIT FOR USE IN FOOD.

In Great Britain no one is allowed to sell alum hidden in baking-powder, because the English law protects the people from this injurious acid.

Canada has not yet enacted a law against the use of alum, and alum in baking-powder cannot be detected by its appearance, many manufacturers are using this condemned acid because it is a cheap adulterant.

It is a fact that alum in your stomach produces the same disagreeable results to the delicate organism as you will feel in your mouth by putting a tiny piece on your tongue. Science shows that alum reduces the flow of the gastric juices and weakens their power of assimilation, causing indigestion and the ills that follow.

No housewife should buy a baking-powder made by a manufacturer that is afraid to print the ingredients plainly on the label of each can, and the wording should state that there is no alum in disguise inside.

Mr. Kipling's "The Female of the Species"

A Spirited Reply.

("Public Opinion," London.)

Mr. Rudyard Kipling, in the "Morning Post" (October 20), gives some most vitriolic verses on "The Female of the Species"—a rather savage and coarse protest against woman's participation in politics. Mr. Sidney Low, in the "Standard," makes a very dignified retort, called "The Species of the Female" (October 23).

Here are the four concluding verses of Mr. Kipling's poem:

"She is wedded to convictions—in default of grosser ties,

Her contentions are her children,

Heaven help him who denies!—

He will meet no cool discussion, but the instant, white-hot, wild

Wakened female of the species warring as for spouse and child—

"Unprovoked and awful charges—even as the she-beast fights,

Speech that drips, corrodes, and poisons—even so the cobra bites,

Scientific vivisection of one nerve till it is raw

And the victim writhes in anguish—like the Jesuit with the squaw.

"So it comes that Man the coward, when he gathers to confer

With his fellow braves in council, does not leave a place for her

Where, at war with Life and Conscience, he uplifts his erring hands

To some God of Abstract Justice—which no woman understands.

"And Man knows it! Knows, moreover, that the Woman that God gave him

Must command but may not govern; shall enthral but not enslave him.

And 'She' knows, because She warns him and Her instincts never fail,

That the female of Her species is more deadly than the male."

Mr. Sidney Low's Reply.

"When the Soul of Man awakened, when the Woman that God gave,

Stood revealed his wife and sweetheart, not his chattel or his slave,

Then he formed his own conception of what Woman ought to be,

And he made a Plaster Image, and he told her it was She.

"For the Woman as God made her wasn't good enough for Man;

He invented large improvements upon Nature's cruder plan;

And he made that image nice and white, and put it on the shelf,

Where he kept assorted virtues that he did not want himself.

"Man might govern, fight, and reason, to his perfect satisfaction;

Woman's work it was to cheer him when his mind was out of action:

Woman good, and kind, and clinging, timid, soft, anaemic, pale,

For the female of the species was an adjunct to the male.

"But the woman as Man made her scarcely suits our modern notions,

Within her nicely guarded instincts and her primitive emotions;

We have dropped the weaker vessel and the tame domestic pet,

And our taste finds something wanting in that saint-like statuette.

"So our literary gentlemen have touched it up afresh,

And have changed the plaster image to a Demon of the Flesh,

Half Mother-Fiend, half Maenad: lest the generations fail,

'Armed and engined,' fanged and poisoned, for the hunting of the male;

"With the morals of the hen-coop, with the Jungle's code of law,

As described by Rudyard Kipling after (some way after) Shaw.

'Tis no doubt a graceful fancy; but the woman Time has made

Doesn't recognize the likeness so ingeniously portrayed.

"And man knows it, Mr. Poet! Knows your singular ideal

Does not bear the least resemblance to the Woman that is real;

Knows that Woman is not fiend, nor saint, nor mixture of the two,

But an average human being—'most remarkable like you.'"



THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL AS A GOLFER.

The Duke of Connaught is seen standing in the centre, talking with the Duchess and her companion, Miss Pelly, who accompanies her to Canada. The picture was taken for "The Lady" on Gullane links.

WHO'S WHO?

Mother has gone to Reno,

Father lives at the club;

Sister is over in Europe

Hunting a titled dæb.

I'm left alone with the servants;

I sit here and wonder all day

If I am father's or mother's—

Kind judge, won't you hurry and say?

Police Sergeant: "Can you give me a description of the person who ran into you?"

"O! can that. He had on a fur coat an' an automobile cap an' goggles."—Life.

Every girl of 16 makes up her mind what sort of man she is going to marry, but she doesn't.

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Too Young at Sixty

The Old Generation Knocking at the Door

By A Middle-Aged Philosopher.

The attention of young men is earnestly directed to the following facts: The new Lord Mayor of London, Alderman Dr. Sir Thomas Crosby, is eighty-one years of age. At a recent swimming handicap in the Serpentine, the contestants being a number of the hardy, hearty fellows who take their morning plunge there winter and summer, the winner was an athlete of seventy-five. In Dorchester a new play is being rehearsed written by Mr. Thomas Hardy, the great novelist, who is in his seventy-second year. The leader of the new movement which is endeavoring to "do good" in the Unionist Party is Lord Halsbury, who is eighty-six.

These are a few instances of something that is going on around us, and the young man must try to realize what it is and what it means. It is the old generation knocking at the door. It means the return of the old man triumphant to his ancient mastery of the world. The young man, dreaming in his fool's paradise, must bestir himself or he will awaken with a shock to find himself struggling among the debris of the flimsy throne upon which he has proudly perched since the closing years of the last century.

To me, being of an adaptable age, neither exactly young nor definitely old, the question whether youth or age is to possess the twentieth century has only a philosophical interest. If victory re is with youth, I have only to do a few simple bathroom exercises and part my hair in the middle to be as young as one may safely be without the risk of being considered callow. If age is to have the sway, then I have only to wait patiently for a few years to be able to claim my place among the victors. But my sympathies are with the young partly because I recognize how severely they are handicapped, and that is why I am so earnest in my warning. The restless, untiring, vigorous activity of the greybeard is the outstanding phenomenon of the time. A brief examination of some of the examples I have referred to is illuminating.

The New Lord Mayor.

Take the case of the new Lord Mayor. The ancient Corporation of the City of London, jealous of its privileges and traditions, which are menaced by the competition of newer institutions, realizes the necessity of finding a leader of fighting strength and fighting spirit. Among all the possible champions the one upon whom the choice unanimously falls for his irresistible enthusiasm and energy is Sir Thomas Crosby, who was eighty-one last birthday. In the hour of its greatest need the corporation turns for help to the oldest Lord Mayor ever appointed in its history.

The fiercest of the Unionists, maddened by defeat, lusting for somebody's slaughter, seek the fiercest and strongest among them to lead the desperate adventure. And he of the doughty blade, the flashing eye, the stout limb, the dauntless and unconquerable, whom they acclaim chief is Lord Halsbury, aged fourscore years and six. He was seven years old in 1832 when the great Reform Bill was passed. Had his lordship then developed his octogenarian vigor that fateful measure would probably have been defeated, and what we call democracy strangled at its birth.

It was the scientific revolution of the closing years of the nineteenth century which gave to the young man the temporary preponderance of which he is now in danger of being dispossessed. Prior to that, as students of social history are aware, the world's affairs were controlled by men of advanced years. The young man had his place in the world, but it was a subordinate place. He did what his senior told him to do, but most of the vital work of the world requiring supreme effort and skill was done by the greybeard.

The Man and the Machine.

Then came the scientific revolution to create new conditions of life and thought and activity.

New discoveries in science materialized in the wonderful litter half of the Victorian era in a fruitful crop of new mechanical inventions and appliances which led to new methods and processes and opportunities. The typewriter, the telephone, the motor-car wrought a wonderful change in business conditions. It came with such magical suddenness and completeness that the older men were unable to realize it, much less to accept its meaning. "Take that confounded thing away," shouted old Jobson when he heard the click of the first typewriter. "I like to talk to a man face to face; there shall never be one of those maddening machines in my establishment," declared old Dobson at the ring of the first telephone. "A pair of horses will take me as far and as quickly as I want to go," said old Hobson when the motor-car came.

Proud in the consciousness of their own personal powers the fine old boys despised these mechanical devices and left the use of them to the young men. The results were soon apparent. The man of superior strength and skill of hand and brain was no match for the man with the machine. The power-multiplying machine swept the field. It would be easy but unnecessary to show—the matter is familiar to philosophers—how new mechanical inventions not only revolutionized business and manufacture but had an immediate influence in every department of human activity. They made for the exchange and distribution of thought as well as of commodities. They made new departures in politics, in literature, science, art, the drama, philosophy, ethics. They set going an all-pervading new movement and carried the young man at the head of it to the dominion of the world. In his arrogance he thought it was he and not the machine that had conquered. His loud boasts resounded above the universal wheel-clicking of his engines. "Get on or get out," he yelled as he swept by with his internal combustion engine to the humiliated pedestrian oldster. "Too old at forty!" his paean of victory, came to be regarded as the expression of a fundamental truth. Professor Osler achieved a great scientific reputation by declaring that all the great works of the world had been accomplished by men between the ages of twenty-five and forty and that progress would not be impeded if all men of sixty were exterminated.

The Old Man Climbing Back.

And all this notwithstanding, here, after the lapse of only a few years, we see the old man triumphant climbing back again to his ancient seat of power. His defeat was only temporary. His superior vigor could not be kept under for long. He has reasserted himself.

The processes of world-change are not so continuous and unceasing as the unthinking believe. There are well-defined periods of rapid and abundant productivity in discovery and invention, alternating with periods of gradual, almost imperceptible, development. It would be easy to show how such a brief period of rapid change came with the invention of the steam engine and was marked by the temporary subjection of the aged. It was followed by the long period of slow development, during which the old man re-established his mastery. Our latest scientific revolution has been accomplished. The period of prolific mechanical application of electric force has come to an end. We are coming again to a period of gradual progress under established and stable conditions of life, and the old man has caught up with all the changes. The young man no longer has the monopoly of the telephone and the other machines. The greybeard has them too, and puts more force behind them. Ten years ago the motor-car was associated with extreme youth. Today you see gay old boys swishing along the highways. The increasing age of the taxicab-driver is one of the most marked phenomena of the London streets.

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240 Jasper W.

In every line of life the aged one is reasserting himself.

The young man who does not recognize the signs of the times is living in a fool's paradise. "Too young at sixty" is the watchword now.—London Daily Mail.

MUSIC.

Little I care for the music
Of man wrought symphonies,
But give me in summer twilight
The sound of rain in the trees.

Or the song of the soft cicadas
In the sultry afternoon,
Cadencing, rising, falling,
Somewhere in the leaves of June.

Or murmur of waves on the sea—

Or the little ripples that run
And whisper and laugh in the
moonlight
Or under the morning sun.

Or the storm wind's mighty chorus
In the swaying trees, when the
blast
Is lightning and thunder riven
At night, and the rain falls fast!

These are the Old World anthems
And chorals and symphonies;
And for millions and millions of
aeons

I have drunk the music of
these!

M. E. BUHLER.

One nice thing about being
rich is that people will listen when
you want to talk.

Advertise in the "News"

THE MIRROR.

(Continued from Page Five.)

stole from the World. The article he wrote himself, and called the "Problems of a Young Husband." Here are some of them:

"Cordelia makes calls on many people. It is an occupation for which the extent of this city and the large number of human beings that are subsisting, and trying to reside, in it affords excellent opportunities. It fills me with wonder, and I have inquired into the principles that regulate it. I find the reciprocity idea is involved in it. An inexperienced observer might have thought that Cordelia was calling by wards, and that it looked political, but I couldn't make that match with what had come to my casual knowledge of the habits of metropolitan ladies, nor yet of the divagations of her route. Neither did they suggest assembly districts. So I asked her about it, and she said she was returning the visits of the people who had been asked to our wedding and had called on her afterward. I guess she had made a couple of hundred calls at least. Isn't that strange? She keeps books about it. However, it seems to be a definite task to be done and done with, and not a perennial occupation that is to renew itself every fall.

"Oh! isn't it?"

What do the girls marry us for, anyhow? No doubt it is because there is nothing better in sight for them to marry. We are indispensable; that's our best claim. And they are indispensable; and possibly that's theirs. Very sound claims, both of them, and arranged for us some years back—300,000,000 years, I read in last week's paper, but that's not important.

I wonder what it is like to be a good match. I am conscious that I never was regarded as a good match for Cordelia. If I could have set my affections more completely on Matilda Finn, that bulwark of our household against hunger and dirt, I might possibly have been regarded as a good match for her (though it wouldn't have been true), but my affections somehow never would cling to any one I was a good match for. And so I am married to a girl at whom I look with dispositions toward contrition for having got the better of her in a trade. But I dare say that's the best way for me to feel, provided she doesn't feel so, and it's my affair to see that she doesn't.

"Life ought to be very easy for people who are indifferent about their social position, but very few intelligent people are. I don't suppose Cordelia and I ever will be."

But this is all rather soiled and weary, this talk of how to get along and how to get ahead, and how to be select, and how to advertise. Really, life isn't such an anxious, calculated scramble as all that implies. Cordelia and I laugh a great deal—praise God!—and talk abundantly, both to each other and to other people, and live amply by the way, and worry very little. After all, we haven't got to accomplish all the infernal details of advancement and prosperity that come into my head. We have only got to live one day at a lick, and these present days are certainly not hard living. I like now and then to get my shoulders up against something substantial, like the Sermon on the Mount, and rest.

The real necessities of life are cheap and abundant, but the gumption to recognize and live on them is not abundant at all. It is not necessary to be rich, but it is necessary to live on what you have got, for that means freedom. It is not necessary to be select, but it is necessary to be kind, for without love there is no sweetness in life. It is not necessary to be powerful, but it is necessary to have faith in something more than the intelligence of the selfish, and the wisdom of majorities, and such direction of the affairs of mankind as the people see, and are, seem likely to give them. Cordelia and I are fairly pious people. We are even so old-fashioned that we like to go to church. It is not a universally popular pastime among the Protestants of our acquaintance, but, for my part, I have to go, if it's only to be reminded that there is another force always working to make life possible and palatable besides the wisdom of majorities (aforesaid), and the abilities of legislatures to legislate, and the powers of courts to keep them from overdoing it. Those things—the majorities and the legislatures and the courts—are eddies in the great current. I feel when I am in church more as though I was in the great current itself. I like to go, it is such a beautiful chance to think. Somehow it invites the soul, queer as it is. I like to hear the Bible read. I like to differ with the honorable apostle when I cannot, as yet, reach his conclusion about something, and to wonder how it happened to him to say some things so marvelously well. I like to differ with the prayer-book a good deal, and not to mind at all so long as they don't put me out. Prayer books are not time-tables, and ought not to be expected to be up-to-date right to the minute. People who insist that they are little trying, but in the present state of religion there is great liberty for peaceable folk to differ, and question, and doubt, and mature their views in the long school of rumination and human experience. And my dear Cor-

della sits up and listens to the minister, handsome and gentle, an embellishment to the Lord's house, imparting repose to my spirit. And yet there are people who play bridge in country-houses on Sunday mornings and think they are ahead on it, and many others who scour the contiguous counties in devil-wagons, and claim that they are communing with nature! I am willing myself to devil-wagon the suburbs once or twice in the spring, about dogwood or apple-blossom time, but habitual Sunday morning auto-exercise seems an enormous waste of time. Poor Horace, who died before the autos came! He would have liked them, for they are marvels. But he would have said some very penetrating things about them.

Have some such thoughts ever occurred to you? or have I only succeeded in being tiresome?

Peggy

POLYGAMY IN ALBERTA?

Mrs. Emily F. Murphy (Janey Canuck), says emphatically that the talk about wickedness of the Alberta Mormons is foolish. The men of Cardston and Raymond are much like any other Canadians, and criticism of them is not well received. She says in the Canada Monthly for December:

"Now, there be people in Canada who say that because we need population in Alberta, we are not overly nice inquirers into the conduct of our immigrants and have a tendency to wink at things which older communities would frown upon. It is true that in this province, as in all the older Canadian provinces, we do not care to oil a razor to cut our own throats; and it is equally true that our affairs sometimes go wrong, even as they do in the well-ordered heavens—stars fall and that kind of thing—but I stand to it that the man or woman who dares claim it is our habit to palliate looseness of morals, or licentiousness in any form whatever, is either a deliberate calumniator or the neurotic victim of an over-wrought and excited brain. No one in this province, no matter what may be his 'pull,' acquires a right, prescriptive or otherwise, to be iniquitous and go unpunished.

"The people of this province are not irreligious; our mouths are not held by bit or bridle; neither are we blind or deaf to the movements of the Mormons and, moreover, should the occasion arise, we do not feel ourselves unequal to the thankless but, after all, elementary task of taking corruption by the throat and choking the life out of it. Yes! I think we can be trusted to manage this without any assistance from outside.

"In his address before the Alberta Legislature in 1907, Mr. John Woolf, the Mormon member for Cardston, said the rule of his people here was the St. James' version of the Bible, and that they did not permit the practice of polygamy.

"Was he telling the truth? We believe so, for shortly afterwards, the Rev. Mr. Whiteman, the Presbyterian pastor at Cardston, said concerning the charges made by the Toronto clergy: 'There are no grounds for such charges, and I have no reason to believe the Mormons are not loyal.' In that Mr. Whiteman was stationed among them, he might be fairly supposed to speak to the pith of the matter.

"About the same time we find the Rev. Mr. Simmons, the Presbyterian pastor at Lethbridge, going down the lists to do knightly duty on behalf of this much maligned community. He declares that the statements made in Toronto were a reflection on the social, civil, political, and even criminal justice of this province."

THE WAY OF THE WEST.

North Battleford, which, when the railway did reach the North Saskatchewan, became a division point, had six buildings when I first saw it in August, 1905. It's quite a burg now, with sewerage, water-works, electric light, and, I suppose, a municipal debt. Two branch railways go out from it; and it expects to be a big city some day. Like many other young towns hereabouts it has a Chinese restaurant that is never closed. I had breakfast in it two years ago, on the Sunday morning in October, when I drove to Jackfish, to find Joe Nolin, the legislative member for the northernmost constituency in the province—a territory as big as the United Kingdom; and containing an electorate which returned Joe by 269 votes to 9, given for his opponent.

Joe was at his farm by the lake, twenty-five miles away, and as was expected to come into town on Sunday, to meet me, and as I wanted to look over the country for twenty miles beyond his place, it was desirable to intercept him in good time. So behold me eating a steak with my driver at five-thirty a.m. in Woe Kong John's restaurant.

We found Joe at church and he drove all the rest of the day, till at night we landed at St. Hippolyte, near the Turtle River, forty-two miles from town. The country is fine and well settled. Next day we wandered around, calling here and there, and shooting prairie chickens when they would sit still long enough.

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Gift Suggestions from the Men's Furnishing Sections

CHRISTMAS gift hunters will find a strong attraction in the magnificent array of Men's Handkerchiefs, Neckwear, Fancy Vests, Gloves, Suspenders, Hosiery, Dressing Gowns and Smoking Jackets on display in the Men's Furnishings Section. We wish to draw particular attention to what we consider exceptional values in Silk or Linen Handkerchiefs, Neckwear, Dressing Gowns and Smoking Jackets described below—Appropriate gifts from a woman to a man.

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Men's Irish Linen Handkerchiefs put up in fancy boxes of half dozens, finished with narrow hemstitched edge.

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A special import direct from Ireland; made of pure linen, hemstitched and with embroidered initial. 25c each, or \$1.50 Box of Half Dozen

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Men's White China Silk Handkerchiefs, in plain or twill finish, with ¾ hemstitched edge; good large sizes.

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MEN'S INITIAL SILK HANDKERCHIEFS AT 50c AND 75c
Men's White Jap Silk Handkerchiefs, with any initial hemstitched.

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MEN'S INITIALED EXCELDA H'DKERCHIEFS, 2 for 25c.
Men's Mercerized White Excelda Handkerchiefs, with any initial worked in corner. Supply limited.

Special, 2 for 25c.

MEN'S LINEN OR LAWN HANDKERCHIEFS AT 10c, 15c, 25c, 35c and 50c each.

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Made from high grade Canadian pure wool worsted yarns in plain and fancy weaves in plain colors, with trimmings of contrasting shades; made with and without collars.

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LEWIS CAFE

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There is one respect in which a man resembles a fish. He can avoid a lot of trouble by keeping his mouth shut.

Business Man (explaining): "When they say 'money is easy' they mean simply that the supply is greater than the demand."

His Wife "Goodness! I shouldn't think such a thing possible."

The time was long past midnight. "What was that terrific noise upstairs, darling?" exclaimed the nervous young man.

"I think it must have been papa dropping a hint," she replied.

The Saturday News

SECOND SECTION

SIXTH YEAR, No. 52.

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1911.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

Jasper's Note Book

(Continued from Page One.)

The great problem is in combining the energy and enthusiasm which we look for in the young with the experience and wisdom which comes with increased years. "If youth but knew and age could do."

It is foolish to argue the matter with any partisan prejudices. Those of us who are not old now are liable to become so, and it is a poor outlook for those who, of necessity have to make their way in life slowly, if their years of usefulness are to be cut as short as those, who so passionately demand the preferment of the young man, desire.

THE suggestion of the city auditor that the street car fares should be raised to overcome the deficits which the system has been showing will not prove a popular one.

If this were done, it would be anything but a help to the cause of municipal ownership. A company would be glad to take over the franchise and keep the fares at what they are. Certainly it would not be allowed to charge more than we are paying.

The franchise is so valuable a one that the system can well afford to stand the deficit, if this is unavoidable, for a few years, in the certainty that the future will much more than make up for present losses.

But there is reason to believe that the deficit is due to causes that can speedily be overcome. The existence of long stretches of unoccupied land in the city through which the cars must pass to reach areas that are thickly settled adds not a little to the difficulties of operation. The placing of all the Hudson's Bay property on the market and the erection of buildings on other land that is being held for speculation will make a great difference.

Further than this, there is no doubt that the whole system has suffered through the building of at least two lines that were not warranted by population conditions, while the street railway officials allege that the price which they are being charged for power is altogether out of reason. This is not hard to believe after all the evidence that citizens have had of the bungling which has gone on at the power house for years past.

THERE was a great deal of wisdom in the remark made by Clarence Darrow, the counsel for the McNamaras, when asked to express an opinion regarding the sensational termination of the case. The question was put to him as to whether he thought the cause of union labor would suffer as a result of the confession of the two men.

"Oh, no," was his reply, "it is just an incident in the evolution of things. Because one man does wrong does not mean that all the others are wrong."

Every cause, even the holiest, has had to bear the stigma placed upon it by men in its posts of authority who brought to their duties methods wholly at war with the spirit that makes for human progress.

In the friction which modern industrial conditions have brought about between labor and capital, there have been public enemies on each side and it should be a cause for general rejoicing when culprits, in either camp, are brought to justice.

The unscrupulous capitalist injures society, not only by the unfair toll which he takes of the resources of the mass of citizens but by the large element of discontent which he creates and the stimulus which he gives to movements which unless checked must end in social anarchy.

The man who should most zealously strive to put an end to his inroads is he who by honest toil and the proper and fair use of the brains which God gave him has made a competence for himself.

On the other hand the labor leader, who abuses the confidence of the army of workers who acknowledge his authority, makes it the harder for them to get what is justly their due. The cause of Unionism has been brought to its present position only after a century of persistent effort, and it can ill afford to lose the ground so hardily won.

It is all a case of playing the game as it should be played. The man who does not do so injures everyone with whom he is associated and they, not those who are arrayed opposite to them, should be most concerned to have him abide by the rules of honor and decency.

WITH so much ill-informed opinion being expressed regarding the Italian-Turkish war by correspondents and editorial writers, one turns to a journal like London Truth, which knows the field of foreign politics as few others do, with no little eagerness to find out what

The Reception to the Duke of Connaught at Quebec



The Duke is in the centre smiling. Lieutenant-Governor McGregor of Nova Scotia, is greeting the Duchess. Premier Borden is seen to the left of the group.
Underwood & Underwood, New York.

it thinks of the situation. In one of its last issues it has this to say:

Ahmed Riza's appeal to the English press has fallen on deaf ears. The President of the Turkish Chamber of Deputies complains that "Europe has not even lent her moral support to Ottoman patriots who have toiled sincerely for the advancement of Turkey." No; Europe has not, and I hope it never will as long as the "advancement of Turkey" means the oppression of the non-Moslem races which have the misfortune to live under Turkish rule. If Turkey wishes to stand well with Europe "Ottoman patriots" must keep their patriotism to themselves and not force it on the Bulgarian and Greek inhabitants of Macedonia, who want autonomy, not Ottomanisation.

"Europe permits a State which claims to be civilized to spring upon our possessions." Why should Europe interfere to prevent Italy doing what Turkey did 350 years ago when the Turkish pirate

Dragut sprang on Tripoli and murdered every Italian inhabitant? The Italians are their own masters, and do not require either the permission or refusal of Europe to do as they please. If the Turks wished to retain their hold of Tripoli they should have put it in a state of defence instead of denuding the Province of troops and sending a worn out old Pasha to keep the flag flying.

The real truth is Europe does not want the Turks, who are nothing but a nuisance to their neighbors. There was secret satisfaction in every Chancellerie when Count von Aehrenthal annexed Bosnia and King Ferdinand threw off the Sultan's suzerainty. So, too, in this Tripoli business; the Italians have been lectured as brigands, but all the time there has been an undercurrent of sympathy with what they have done. Turkey had much better recognize the inevitable and set what remains of her house in order, for unless she does she will have to submit to further dismemberment.

Home and Society

More than four hundred and fifty callers made their way to "Garrykennagh" last Saturday afternoon, to pay their respects to the Premier and his wife, who received, and did the honors of their beautiful house, more after the fashion of political levees in the Old Land, than anything we are accustomed to at the Alberta Capital.

The whole of the two lower floors were thrown open for the accommodation of this monster crush, and gleamed with the beautiful glow of myriad unshaded candlelights, simply oceans of cut flowers, baskets of them, vases of them, in every conceivable place you looked. And over all, bringing into striking effect the lovely costumes of the smartly-frocked women, the brilliant reflected light of a magnificent chrysalis electrolite.

Mrs. Sifton's receptions are always the most elaborate, and most carefully carried out in detail of any At Homes, given in the Provincial Capital.

To say that Saturday's if anything, outshone any attempt on other occasions, is perhaps better expressing how beautifully everything was done than paragraphs of mere description.

Mrs. Sifton received, wearing one of the exquisite gowns she brought home from the Coronation festivities. It was of cloth, of silver, veiling shimmering white charmeuse satin, and had draperies of silver gray nylon, with heavy silver garnitures. On the short sleeves and on the bodice, were touches of coral jewels and cut steel fringe, while the train was a magnificent one of cloth of silver, touched up with the silver embroideries, and caught with a smart butterfly bow of black meline.

Receiving with her was the Premier, doing the duties of host in his own quiet unostentatious but hospitable fashion.

Also of the reception party were Mrs. Clark Dennis and Mrs. Sisley, and Miss Lindner of Calgary. All wore beautiful gowns. Mrs. Dennis' was of white charmeuse satin, trimmed with exquisite point de Venise lace, made with a fishu effect of black Marquisette, caught with an ultra-modish satin corsage flower with a jewelled centre. Tiny embroidered black buttons, and broad garnitures of black and silver, with deep white silk fringe, completed a very chic and very elegant toilette.

Mrs. Sisley had on a lovely gown, a tunic of silver net edged with handsome silver fringe, half-veiling the underskirt, of pale blue charmeuse satin. A French corsage knot of pale blue and silver flowers, and some pearl and diamond ornaments, were the finishing touches to this wonderfully becoming costume.

Miss Lindner was charming in white, her frock being a French lingerie one, hand-embroidered, the design being roses tufted with white satin.

After greeting the house-party, the guests wandered on into the big cheery room, so sylvan with its baskets upon baskets of flowers and gay chintz-covered furniture, that it was the easiest thing in the world to imagine yourself wandering in some old garden instead of gracing a mid-winter reception in a far north drawing-room. The decoration throughout the main floor were carried out in a five-tone pastel color scheme. Palest pink, green, yellow, mauve and blue were the tones employed. It was wonderfully effective, and in the dainty white enamelled dining room, just at the end of the reception room, culminated into a perfect triumph of a tea table, so exquisite and subtly carried out as to compel the unbounded admiration of every one who saw it.

Stretched diagonally across the table were satin streamers in the soft pastel colors, and tied in great bows at the corners. In the centre was a wicker basket brimming over with wild flowers, each one chosen to tone in with the well-thought-out color scheme.

Again they ran riot in tiny baskets of tempting sweets, and distracting smaller baskets of blooms. Truly a poem of a tea table, enhanced with the magic of the softest and prettiest light in the world—the candles of our long-ago artistic grandmother.

Downstairs a "patriotic table" drew its quota of admiring devotees.

Here red, white and blue were the dominant notes, a great basket of crimson roses giving of their fragrance and beauty to the general lovely effect. Red-shaded candle lights lent their charm, and sweets, ices and other dainties, harmonized in the effective loyal decorations. Down here I noticed the two Lieutenant-Governors of Alberta and Sas-

(Continued on Page Ten.)



FASHIONS FOR EARLY WINTER.

Stonemarten set, and picture hat trimmed with sweeping ostrich feathers and large roses.

Smart Persian lamb coat and bag-shaped muff; velvet toque trimmed with fur.

Evening wrap of soft satin, with newest bead trimming; black velvet hat with white lancer feathers.

Home and Society

(Continued from Page Eight.)

katchewan and their ladies, who came in rather late, but soon held a little court.

Mrs. Bulyea was looking charming in a toilette of amethyst chiffon velvet, with the handsomest Oriental embroideries, and touches of exquisite lace, her hat being a high-crowned turban effect in the same shades with plumes shading from amethyst into the softest smoky grey.

Mrs. Brown wore an elegant costume of mauve chiffon shading into pinkish mauve with a heavy jewelled bolero, and a deep band of the same embroidery on the skirt. The long sash ends had jewelled tassels, and the yoke was studded with seed pearls. Her hat was of black Persian lamb with some fine plumes.

Turner's Orchestra in the Library furnished delightful music during the afternoon.

Friday night, the date of the second Assembly of the season, was a gala night for a great many people. Countless little dinners were given by not only the married, but also the younger set, and I am told at eight thirty the hall was crowded and most programmes filled, so keen is everybody on what are proving "the very best dances yet."

One of the smartest dinners was that given in their flat in the Arlington Block, by three young bachelors, Mr. Townshend, Signor Spetia, and Mr. Oliver Hunt. Covers were laid for eight, the guests being Mrs. Pardee, Mrs. Sydney Woods, Mrs. Heathcott, Mrs. Balmer Watt and Mr. Jarvis.

The table was beautifully done with a great shower of carnations and fern, the centerpiece being also strewn with the lovely beauties, on a carpet of soft green fern, while at each place rested a graceful corsage bouquet of crimson roses. The cuisine was excellent, the hosts models of what hosts should be, and after the merry meal, the party went on to the dance.

I think I have only one fault to find with the Assembly arrangements of Friday. That I do in my capacity of social reporter. It is impossible to describe the lovely dresses worn, through the softened glow of electric lights, completely veiled in rose paper shades. The general effect is wonderfully pretty. I think I never saw the Hall look one-half as well, but in these days of filmy sheer materials, where colors too are so delicate it needs a brilliant light to ensure any accuracy of description. You may say who cares if gowns are never described; believe me, their wearers at least wish them seen.

The supper arrangements are a tremendous improvement over last year. Turner's music is always good, the floor somehow struck me as a trifle sticky, but the decorations and general arrangements for comfort, couldn't be improved on.

Admitting that I was greatly handicapped by the pale lighting effects, so popular I am sure with those who haven't reached the middle-age of caring over-much for dress, I am still going to be brave enough to name a few—with apologies.

Mrs. Pardee, in lovely gold charmeuse, with a tunic effect of handsome golden embroideries.

Mrs. Heathcott in dove-grey charmeuse satin over a petticoat of beautiful rose pink.

Mrs. Sidney Woods, who looked a picture in pale blue charmeuse satin, with an over-dress of gold net, and a wreath of tiny golden flowers in her hair.

Mrs. Nightingale, in a handsome embroidered

white lace robe, with garnet necklace and earrings. Mrs. Griesbach, in white silk, with a heavy silk mesh tunic, and spangled with diamante sequins and pearls.

Mrs. Scoble looking charming in a picture of a gown, white satin, veiled in a tunic of black and gold, and caught, here and there with French knots of burnt orange velvet.

Mrs. Barnes, in rich black eolienne.

Mrs. Goldwin Kirkpatrick in exquisite pale blue satin, with touches of soft pink.

Mrs. James Biggar in the sweetest frock of white satin, with little pink embroidered roses.

Mrs. Wilfrid Harrison, in shimmering black satin.

Mrs. W. E. Lines, a regal looking figure in some delicate shaded satin.

Mrs. Tom Davies in a charming gown of pale blue chiffon, with a spangled over-dress, a band of turquoises in her fair hair.

Mrs. Hislop, who looked most attractive in black satin.

Mrs. Heffernan, in a smart black net toilette.

Mrs. Hector Landry, in graceful white satin.

Mrs. Clark Dennis, who was very striking in black.

With her Miss Lindner, as always, most attractively frocked.

Miss Rathbun, very sweet in grey chiffon.

Miss Ruth Harvey, who looked so handsome and danced so beautifully, in white satin with an elegant chrysalis tunic with deep chrysalis fringe.

Miss Fairservice, striking in white satin, with a sage-green chiffon over-dress.

Mrs. O'Leary, of St. Albert, in a rich wine shade of satin, with a black over-dress.

Mrs. Duncan Smith, very smart in black satin, with an elegant tunic of gold with heavy gold fringe.

Miss Phyllis Barnes, in cowslip yellow with a bandeau in her hair.

Miss Jessie Belcher, maize satin with silver garnitures.

Miss Parsons, of Toronto, such a pretty girl, in pale blue, a little Juliet cap resting on her fair hair.

Miss Florence Forin, a popular partner in mauve marquisette.

Miss Bessie Forin, in white satin.

Miss Anna Oliver, a willowy figure in white satin and silver.

Miss Kate Bouchier in becoming yellow.

Miss Mercer in a lovely gown of white charmeuse satin with silver garnitures.

Miss Marjorie Brown, in most becoming black.

Miss Jessie Polter, in pink satin, with dew-drop net.

Miss Edith Richardson, in a lovely frock of white dew-drop net, and Miss Cobbett, in a soft black gown.

Mrs. Ambrose Dickens is giving a Bridge this Friday afternoon.

The account of Mrs. Duncan Marshall's large reception on Thursday evening, has had to be held over until next week.

Madame Cote has issued cards of invitation to a reception this Saturday.

Mrs. Horace Harvey entertained at a smart luncheon on Wednesday. Mrs. Bulyea and her guest, Mrs. Brown, of Regina, being the guests of honor.

Mrs. Alan Fraser will receive on the second Wednesday of this month, instead of her usual day, the first Wednesday.

I regret that owing to another engagement I was unable to be present at the musicale given under the auspices of the Kee-o-Mee Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire, on Monday, at Mrs. A. Y. Blain's residence. Those who attended assured me that it was a thoroughly delightful evening, the truth of which, after reading over the programme, I cannot doubt.

I believe a gratifying sum was realized towards furnishing a ward in the hospital at Strathcona.

I have been at many gatherings in my day in Edmonton, seen the youth, beauty, and culture of the Alberta Capital go by, but never have I beheld a sight anywhere near approaching the loveliness and loveliness and kissableness of those little children who frolicked at the Children's Fancy Dress Ball, given by Miss Marjorie Brown, in the Great West Saddlery Building, on the afternoon of the Hospital Carnival, December 5th.

It was as if you had turned all the illustrations, out of all the books you doled on as a child, loose, and made of them a party.

Little Roy Blues were there, sleepy enough, one of them, to have let all the sheep and cows run wild for all he cared. But he carried his horn bravely, and I think must soon have intended to sound it.

Little Miss Muffet brought him; such a distract-

(Continued on Page Eleven.)



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HOME AND SOCIETY.

(Continued from Page Ten.)

ing old-fashioned little maid in mittens, so sweet, that any spider would have been a dub not to have wanted to sit down beside her.

Jack Frost too, came with a thermometer, and a Fairy Queen sister to bring him. The Queen, all stars and jangles, and, really silver slippers, as one little girl remarked. And then there were oceans of sailor boys, and beautiful little flower-girls, and two Little Red Riding Hoods, and a Brownie, and Indians, and an English Courtier, and shoals of fairies, mostly queens—because most fairies are that you know—and sweet Daffy-Down-Dilly flowers, and Chrysanthemums, and May blossoms, and Sunflowers, and Roses, all with wonderful child faces, and a Young Canada, and a most distracting big-little brown and yellow butterfly, and two Yama Yama boys, and a Cowboy, and a girl with starry eyes called Morning, and a Picture Postcard and a Christmas Card.

Oh to choose between them all for loveliness, appealingness, or grace—you couldn't do it, except two great ogres of men, Mr. Garra and Mr. Gallo-way, and they surely must be relics from the old "Light Brigade" of famous memory.

All were prize packages—ask their parents if they weren't. Ask the loving eyes that watched them as they went gathering Nuts in May, playing "drop the handkerchief," and "London Bridge." Ask the mothers who sat on the side with their adorable babies "looking on."

Too soon for these deliciously happy folk, came supper, and a scurrying into their leggings and wraps.

But before being hustled home for proud young fathers "to see how beautiful they looked," they most of them, went a-fishing downstairs, and landed all sorts of queer things. Some were shaped like bottles of perfume, some like dolls, no really truly fish at all in that pond, but all "just what" everyone wanted, which was fortunate, wasn't it?

And now to enumerate the prize-winners, and give you a faint idea of what characters attended this party. The prettiest girl was Helen Cross, who came as a Fairy Queen.

The most original girl's costume was worn by Kathryn MacFarlane, who made a handsome Indian Princess.

The funniest girl was Doris Bradley, who came as a Dutch Girl.

The prettiest boy was Sidney Ross, as Boy Blue.

The most original costume, Frederick Wall, as a Cowboy.

The funniest boy, Bob Harwood, a distractingly lovely Fairy Queen.

The others were:
Ruth Diamond, as Little Red Riding Hood.
Margaret Reed, a sweet May Blossom.
Georgie Davidson, a radiant "Morning."
Frances Agar, Little Bo Peep.
Reggie Harwood, a Brownie.
Howard Emery, German Peasant.
Harold Ketchen, English Courtier.
Margaret Cross, a wee Flower Girl.
Mary Ross, a "big" yellow Butterfly.
Sidney Ross, Little Boy Blue.
Ruth Short, a dear little Flower Girl.
Helen Clary, another little Flower Girl.
Margaret Bowers, a Daffy-Down-Dilly.
Helen Bowers, a lovely pink Rose.
Dorothy Moore, Little Red Riding Hood.
Master Coward, Little Boy Blue.
Pat Malcolmson, a Sailor Lad.

Helen Boyle, just a little girl who came to the party.

Louis Hyndman, a Sailor Boy.
Laura Mills and Dorothy Mills, just came too, and had a good time.

Iris Smith, fittingly enough with such a pretty name, was a Flower Girl.

Constance Cope, a Rosebud.
Anna Sugarman, just came.

Douglas Smith, a Sailor Boy.

Margaret Bishop, was a dark-eyed Little Red Riding Hood.

Daisy Cope, a lovely yellow chrysanthemum.

Tommy Cross and Alan Short were a pair of Yama Yama boys, perfectly turned out from tip to toe.

Naomi Watt was a Little Christmas child.
Frederick Wall, a Cowboy.

John Woods was Jack Frost, but looked very sweet and warm enough to hug.

Marjorie Woods made a lovely Fairy Queen.
Donnie MacDonald was a brave Sailor Lad.

Donald and Kenneth MacKenzie, also were Jolly Jack Tars.

Bruce Massie was a stalwart Young Canada.

Caritha Trowbridge was a Flower Girl.

Jean Little, a Sunflower.

Trevor Clary, a Sailor.

Betty Ketchen, a Picture Postcard.

Rhodie Potter, a heap big Indian Chief.

Frances Fraser, a delightful Old-Fashioned Girl, not forgetting her mittens, but called by some, Little Miss Muffet.

Alexander Fraser was a picture as Boy Blue, a Kate Greenaway Boy Blue.

Betty Cooper, Kent Chadwick, and Charles

Hobson just came with their mothers as themselves, and so did Cecil Nightingale, but they were all so lovely that nobody minded.

To Miss Marjorie Brown practically all the credit of the party is due, and I hear it realized a nice little sum of money, and I know it gave children and grown-ups a rare treat.

The Shirt-Waist Dance in the evening, held by the Daughters of Mercy, with Mrs. Griesbach in charge, was a tremendous success and I hear, cleared two hundred dollars. The Bridge contest, in charge of Mrs. Duncan Smith and Mrs. Goldwin Kirkpatrick, was another money maker, and in fact the same may be said of every stall and attraction. The Hospital will surely benefit enormously from the Carnival, and those responsible for its carrying out, deserve unstinted credit.

Mrs. Lorne York and Mrs. MacDonnell went down to Calgary on Wednesday, to attend the Shriners Ball in that city on Friday night.

Mrs. George S. Armstrong who received for the first time last Wednesday, at her fine new home on Seventeenth street, has chosen the first Wednesday of the month as her regular reception day.

Last Saturday Mrs. Howard Douglas was the hostess of a jolly Matinee Bridge, given for Mrs. Stephenson of Peterborough and Mrs. Reynolds of Toronto, three tables playing.

Mrs. Douglas looked very smart as she received her guests, wearing a lovely toilette of black charmeuse, with handsome cream lace garnitures.

Mrs. Stephenson and Mrs. Dickens carried off the honors, taking home pretty little water-color sketches, done most cleverly by Mr. Ralph Douglas, of Banfil, and its environs.

(Continued on Page Fourteen)

The Investor

(Continued from Page Sixteen.)

The city authorities have decided that it will not be necessary after all to change the street car line from Ninth street. No one would urge this, if it is not necessary owing to engineering difficulties. But there would be no justification for adding to the expense or inconvenience of operation in order to maintain this route.

The C.N.R. is projecting a large hotel for Calgary.

Two important sales on McDougall are reported by the Edmonton Locators. Seventy-five feet at the corner of McDougall and Clara was sold by S. H. Smith at \$605 per foot, and a similar frontage at the corner of May, by James Powell, the price in the latter deal not being stated.

The interest which Vancouver is taking in the Peace River Country is shown by the following from the Saturday Sunset:

"The Peace River country is another Manitoba for wheat-producing acreage, or square mileage. There is no reason why hard wheat cannot be grown there. In the future Peace River No. 1 hard will become as famous in the world's flour mills as Manitoba No. 1 hard. When the Peace River is added to the wheat area of Canada, the greater part of the wheat ought to come south and east to Vancouver. Look at the map and you will see that a huge area of the Peace River is in British Columbia. The northern part of this province will produce other things besides wheat. The huge extent of country, which we call the Northern Interior, will be far more productive than most people think. The Peace River country is going to be settled very quickly. In a geographical sense, this vast and fertile country be-

longs to British Columbia, and in a commercial sense to Vancouver. Alberta is planning to steal the trade of this new empire of the wheat. If Vancouver does not get busy at once it will be too late. It would be a calamity if Vancouver lost this rich market. The future prosperity of the city, to a large extent, depends upon her trade with the 'Land Behind.' Direct railway connection between the Southern Coast and the Peace River country is the only thing that will bring the trade westward and keep this great agricultural country within the commercial radius of Vancouver and the other Southern Coast cities. The Provincial Government's laggard interest in this important matter must be spurred. Vancouver business men have been actively engaged for some time in stirring up interest in this essential undertaking. The newspapers could do more to attract attention to this necessary scheme than they are doing. A little reflection will cause any man to realize the urgent need of this Hinterland railway. It would do more to open up the huge interior than any other railway line ever suggested for British Columbia. The great natural resources of a country as big as the whole of Germany would be developed more quickly than by any other road, either under construction or projected. Anyone can see this by looking at the map. Everyone knows how a railway brings in settlers. When once a country has so many people to the square mile, everything else follows. There is a sad wastage of good agricultural land in the Northern Interior for lack of population. To see land lying idle for want of people to live on it is a sorry spectacle at this late time in British Columbia's history.

A RACE FOR BUSINESS.

The business world of Vancouver is greatly stirred up because of the fact that the wholesale dealers of Edmonton have crossed the Rockies and are sowing the seeds of what will be a great and lucrative trade in that portion of the

Peace River country which lies adjacent to the point where the Nechaco River empties into the Fraser.

Already a considerable town has sprung up at South Fort George and it is here, it is claimed, that a city will ere long be situated. During 1912 the Grand Trunk Pacific will be running its trains across the Rockies and through South Fort George, and it is by this means that the merchants of Edmonton will reach the town mentioned and through it the surrounding country, which is said to be very rich and which is being settled with remarkable rapidity. Already representatives of Edmonton houses are on the ground and are making hay while the sun shines, or, it might be correctly said, a little before it begins to shine. Although it costs something like six cents a pound to carry freight into South Fort George, and while the carrying and travelling facilities are of the crudest, consisting as yet of nothing more than automobiles, pack-mules and flat-boats, the people of the prairie metropolis have shown that they are in earnest about wishing to be first on the ground in this virgin territory.

In the meantime, the Vancouver board of trade and other bodies of a similar nature in the coast cities, are agitating for a railroad that will enable them to ship direct to South Fort George or to some point in the immediate vicinity. While the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company announced its intention of building a spur of that road from Fort George to Vancouver, that project will not be commenced until the main line to the coast is completed, which will mean that a start will not be made with the work for two years yet. In the meantime, the trade of the new country at this most important stage is going east of the Rockies and the mercantile interests of the coast cities are chafing because that which they consider is theirs by natural law is being lost because of the lack of railroad facilities.—Winnipeg Commercial.



Maude Adams Reciting the Prologue to Rostand's "Chanticleer."

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TO AN ERRING BARBER.

"It is said that barbers will shortly come out on strike."—Daily Paper.)

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the shadow of thy pole,
I thank whatever powers there be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of mundane things
I have not winced nor cried aloud,

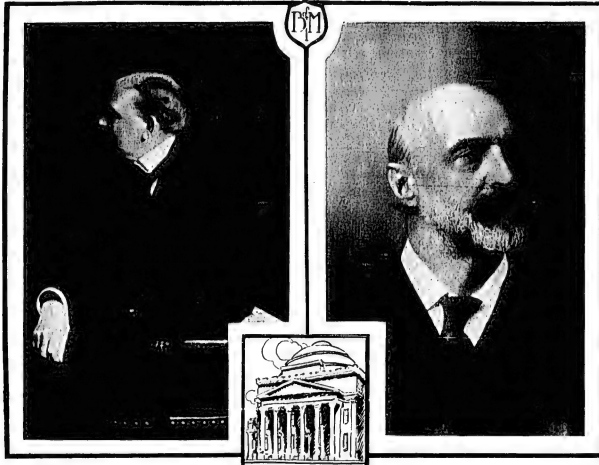
Under thy razor's bludgeonings
My head was lathered, but unbowed.

But now, though Fate in fury mocks,
I face thee proud and unafraid,
I've learned to trim my straying locks,
And shave myself without thy aid.

It matters not that you declare
Your strike will speedily begin,
I am the captain of my hair,
I am the master of my chin.
—M. A. P.

THE INVESTOR

A New General Manager of the Bank of Montreal



Mr. H. Vincent Meredith

Sir Edward Clouston, Bart

The retirement of Sir Edward Clouston, general manager of the Bank of Montreal for a score of years past, has been announced during the week. His successor, Mr. H. Vincent Meredith, has been assistant for a considerable period and has thus served a most valuable apprenticeship for what is undoubtedly the most responsible post in the Canadian financial world. Inset in the above is a drawing of the head office of the Bank at Montreal.

Railway news has been very much to the fore during the past week. The announcement by Premier Sifton of a comprehensive railway policy for the province, details of which are given on the front page of the Saturday News, means great development to the whole of Alberta, and particularly so to Edmonton. If it is carried out, railway lines will radiate in every direction from the city and the dream of long years in respect to the populating of the country north will be realized.

There is absolutely no reason why, if the programme is followed up by active construction, there should not be as many people in Alberta north of Edmonton twenty years from now as south of it. If the mineral wealth that lies along the northern rivers comes up to the expectations of many who have made investigation, it may not take that long.

While everyone, regardless of party would be delighted to see the plans which the premier outlined carried out, the feeling is very general that the railway companies with which the government deals should be forced to live up to their agreements in the way of completing construction within the time specified. Their dilatoriness in connection with the building programme, provided by the Rutherford government, has been a cause of widespread complaint.

But Mr. Sifton was not the only man who had intelligence of interest to impart. Mr. F. W. Peters of the C.P.R. when in Edmonton at the close of last week, announced that that corporation intended to go on in the spring with the erection of the eight story building on Jasper avenue that has been the subject of many rumors in recent weeks. It will have a frontage of one hundred feet and will be placed on the ground now occupied by what has been known as the McLeod block and the offices just vacated by the company. The eastern fifty feet was purchased within the past year by the Northern Crown Bank and it is understood that an arrangement has been come to between the bank and the railway by which the former is to have its offices on the ground floor of the new structure.

Mr. Peters further stated that work on the new station and the subway between Ninth and Tenth streets would be commenced just as soon as the

spring opened up in order that service from the south might be handled in the autumn. That the actual arrival of the C.P.R. on the north bank of the river and the opening up of communication by way of the high level bridge will be responsible for a change of first class magnitude goes without saying. The establishment of this new centre will hasten the trend westward along asper to a very material extent.

Following on the establishment of the office of a general superintendent in Edmonton, Mr. Wilcox and his staff now being installed at the station, there are well-defined rumors that the C.N.R. will proceed immediately with the erection of large car shops here. A quarter section, a mile along the line to the northeast of Belmont school and about five miles from the depot, has been purchased. It is assumed that other purchases will follow and that a large site will thus be secured. In view of all the lines that will radiate from Edmonton, provided that the C.N.R. plays the principal part in Mr. Sifton's programme, as may be taken for granted, it is hardly to be wondered at that it will find it necessary to establish facilities on a large scale for handling the traffic that will centre here.

Mr. D'Arcy Tate, solicitor for the G.T.P., stated when in Edmonton this week, that not only would the hotel to be erected here be begun at an early date but that it would rank in importance ahead of the Hotel Fort Garry which the G.T.P. is putting up in Winnipeg.

A new record for First street was established this week when what is known as the Carruthers property, just beyond the lane north of the Purvis store, was purchased by Calgary capital at \$1700 per front foot.

The question of the purchase by the municipality of the property lying to the south of College avenue between First and McDougall, the only unobstructed bit of river front left near the centre of the city, is again to the fore. The price asked is \$60,000, twice what it could have been had for year ago. Delay in such matters has always been pro-

(Continued on Page Sixteen.)



"Proceeds" of Lots Bought Wisely

Such as any Purchase
of the following would
be

Norwood Extension, Block 1, double corner, Namayo, \$3,000; half, 6 and 12 mos.

Norwood Boulevard, corner lot Blk. 3, \$9,000; half cash, 6, 12 and 18 months.

Namayo Ave., Norwood, Blk. 2, \$3200; \$1700; 6 and 12.

Garneau, Strathcona, 2 lots Block 181, \$3000; 1467 cash, 6 and 12 months.

Groat, Block 46; one lot for quick sale, \$1400 cash.

Groat, Blk. 45, one lot, 1350; half cash, 6 and 12 mos.

Groat, Blk. 43, 7 roomed, fully modern house, beautifully decorated; cement foundation and basement; block from car line, \$5000; \$3000 cash.

Groat, Blk. 50, \$2500; \$1500 cash and assume agreement.

Groat, 24th St., Blk. 26, 2 lots, \$4000; half cash, 6 and 12.

Inglewood, Blk. 10, 5 lots, \$850 each; half cash, 6 and 12 months.

River Lot 19, Namayo Ave., Blk. 18, \$5500; half cash, 6 and 12 months.

River Lot 10, Jasper E., 5 1/2 ft. with buildings renting at \$200 per month; \$1,000 per ft., third cash, balance arranged.

River Lot 14, Blk. 33, double corner, \$5000; half cash, 1 and 2 years.

River Lot 10, Blk. 20, 6 roomed modern house, rented \$25 per month, near car line, \$3,000; half cash, 6 and 12 months.

River Lot 4, Ross Flat; a splendid lot only \$525; this is the cheapest buy in the city.

Garneau, Blk. 179, \$1450; \$750 cash, 6 and 12 mos. Belvedere, Blk. 27, two lots, \$425, \$185 cash, \$20 per month.

New Glenora, Blk. 107, \$2200 \$1500 cash, 1 and 2 years.

New Glenora, Blk. 84, \$2600, \$1267 cash, 6, 12 and 18.

Glenora, whole of Blk. 76, 20 lots, \$850 each; half cash, 6 and 12 months.

Inglewood, Two lots, Blk. 5, \$1620; half cash, 6 and 12 months.

Inglewood, Double corner, Blk. 14, \$1800; 800 cash, 6 and 12 months.

H.B.R., Blk. 9, double corner, \$7500; \$3600 cash, 6, 12 and 18 months.

H.B.R., corner of Churchill and 15th St., 179, Blk. 14, \$1800; \$1067 cash, balance 3 years from March 1911.

Groat, Blk. 9. A good snap at \$2300, easy terms, for quick sale.

Warehouse lots—A few snaps.

WOULD EXCHANGE Part for cash and balance for Edmonton improved or unimproved property.

Are All Daisies Good Hotel property and furniture in a hustling place, close to city.

Also One of the best farms with buildings and 40 acres under cultivation; immediate possession given; only 2 1/2 hours' drive from city.

Also Some teams, harness, waggons, sleighs; a full lot of ice-cutting tools, etc., etc. Dead snap.

F. FRASER TIMS

120 McDougall Ave. Phone 4285 Edmonton, Alta.

National Realty & Investment Co. Ltd.

Financial, Insurance & Estate Agents

Money to Loan

on City Residential Property at Lowest Current Rates

Agents for the

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OPEN EVENINGS UNTIL 9 O'CLOCK

WE LOAN MONEY

—at—

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See Our Plan

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The Canadian Home Investment Co.

300-302 Moser & Ryder Block, Phone 2915

EDMONTON, ALTA.

(Opposite King Edward Hotel on First St.)

Home Office, Pacific Building, Vancouver, B.C.

HOUSES FOR SALE

on easy terms, Monthly Payments. Lots for Sale in growing parts of the city, good investment, easy terms.

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T. N. BOWDEN

Phone 1815

McDougall Court

LET US PUT A Heintzman & Co. PIANO IN YOUR HOME THIS XMAS

NO gift under the sun could possibly give greater joy to every member of the family than a Heintzman & Co. Piano or Player-Piano. Year in and year out they are a source of constant pleasure. Anyone can play the Player-Piano because it is fifteen years in advance of any other make. Have your children the amusement they desire? Buy a piano for them, it certainly works wonders. It keeps them at home. It elevates their moral standard. It educates their mind. It brings out of them the technical qualities, which when developed may class him or her amongst the foremost players in the musical world.



The Heintzman & Co. Piano is not alone for the wealthy. True, this is a Superior Piano. The Piano that has set the standard in Piano building, the Piano of the great musicians and people of culture. But anyone may become the owner of a Heintzman & Co. Piano—the price is within their reach, and reasonable terms for the purchase may be made.



YE OLDE FIRM

524 Jasper W.

Phone 1621

Holiday Cravats

EMBODYING all the worthy efforts time and talent of the master designers and weavers of the Old and New World. Imported direct by us from London and New York.

Prices from 50c to \$1.50

Stanley & Jackson

WINDSOR BLOCK

A Good Gift—"The News" for a Year to an Absent Friend.

Music and Drama

St. Andrew's Society has established a fine reputation for the concerts which it gives each year on the 30th of November and that on Thursday night week, in the Separate School Hall was no exception. The hall was crowded, the decorations fully in keeping with the occasion and the musical numbers all that could be desired. Rev. Dr. MacQueen was the speaker of the evening and gave one of the addresses which are always a feature of Scotch gatherings in Edmonton.

The advanced section of the dramatic world, in the Old Country, represented by George Bernard Shaw and Graville Barker, is up in arms against the appointment of Charles E. Brookfield as the new censor of plays to assist George A. Redford, the existing censor. Brookfield is the author of the play "Dear Old Charley," which the "Daily News" describes as "One of the most notoriously suggestive farces of the present day." When Mr. Brookfield's appointment was unofficially announced on Saturday many refused to believe it, but it was officially confirmed last night, and is denounced by the advanced section as "shameful." On the other hand, the older managers, like Sir Beerholm Tree, George Edward and Arthur Bouchier, applaud the appointment.

Under the heading of "That Miss Parlow," the editor of the "Musical Courier," in the number dated November 15, makes the following eulogistic comments on the wonderful playing of this gifted daughter of Alberta:

To discuss the technic of violin playing at this date, when one is to discuss Kathleen Parlow, would, obviously, be inexcusable. Whatever there is in technic is so easily accomplished by Miss Parlow that it has the appearance of real play. Her art is the unconscious art, when memory has accomplished its feat and is at rest and the unconscious control of the technic is assimilated and absorbed as part of herself. She and her violin are inseparable, not inseparable in the sense of a phrase, but as one instrumentality for expression, through art.

She played Max Bruch's "Scotch Fantasy" on Sunday at the Symphony concert at the Century Theatre with such glorious tone, color, touch and feeling, such consummate skill and musical declamation, as to place it hors de concours. The finish was complete; the interpretation was an exhibition of marvelous judgment, and the style and character of the delivery were eloquent. It is really, actually, an instance when description is defied. One must hear her to understand what the message of music signifies when delivered through the violin.

If I should be accused of being enthusiastic I can reply that she radiates enthusiasm through her violin playing, and that I am justified.

A striking feature of her playing—one additional feature—was the impeccable intonation, for, no matter which the position or the passage, or the interval or the figure or the nature of the technic was, her intonation was absolute, as absolute with each note, in an attack or in an ending, in any form, as a tuning fork. And that bowing! The remarkable, imposing, rhythmic exhibition, etc. What is the use, anyway? Artists are born. Violin artists are born. That Miss Parlow is the violin, as the poetry is the poet within himself.

Edmonton amateurs are planning to produce "The Mikado" under Mr. Barford's direction.

Rubinstein once declared to some one that he was descended from one of the Crusaders who accompanied Richard Coeur de Leon to Palestine. "On the piano, presumably," was the smiling response.

Bernard Shaw has been giving his "impression of the new drama" in a lecture. As usual, his impressions are chiefly formed from his own experiences, but are possibly all the more interesting on that account.

Mr. Shaw explained that he followed the example of Ibsen's "Dolls House," introducing discussions into his plays. He did it so well that he began to think it was rather a pity to have his discussions wasted by coming on at a time when the audience was nearly dead with fatigue.

He did not know if any of his audience remembered his old audiences at the Court Theatre. During the first two or three acts they laughed a great deal and were immensely delighted. As the hours passed the got so tired laughing that they could not laugh any more, and when the curtain fell on the discussion they found a broken audience rising with immense difficulty from its seat and cringing slowly out of the building.

They always had to make the audience suffer and take away its suffering with it. Before it left it had had its money's worth.

He then wrote a play with the discussion at the beginning and it was equally successful, and then the idea was gradually adopted of allowing those discussions on a subject of human interest to permeate the whole play. Those must be the plays (1) the future if the theater was to retain its hold on the people. In the commercial sense of the word, the higher drama did not pay. With ordinary drama it was possible for a man to make a fortune in a single year.

When managers had attempted a poor new drama, expecting the same results as with the old, he had warned them that they would be disappointed, but they always knew better than he until they tried.

KIRKLAND

THE
QUALITY JEWELERS

Diamonds! Diamonds!

Words are so utterly inadequate to the description of our colossal collection of unblemished steel blue white River and Vesselton Diamonds. The unquestioned quality of each and every individual stone is commensurate with the Kirkland standard and quality. The number of absolutely flawless and faultless gems that we handle is a topic for much talk among our customers. We have them in rings, pendants, earrings, brooches, lockets, scarf pins and watches. Prices ranging from

\$10.00 to \$1250.00

A few Xmas suggestions to select from:

Something for Her—

Diamond Brooch, at \$60 up
" Ring, at . . . \$75 up
" Necklace, at . . \$95 up
" Set Watch, at \$35 up
" Drop Earrings, \$90 up

Something for Him—

Diamond Set Scarf Pin, \$10
Diamond Set Locket, \$18
Diamond Set Cuff Links, \$10

and up
And our Gentlemen's Single Stone Diamond Ring at \$100 is very special.

We are always very pleased to show goods, as it is no trouble whatever, so come early and pick out your presents and have them layed away, and by so doing you will avoid the holiday crush

BREVITY NOT THE SOUL OF PATHOS

Some of the most characteristic touches of humor in Montague Glass's inimitable stories of the Jewish business men who control New York's wholesale clothing trade, are found in the casual and inopportune use of stereotyped business phrases in correspondence of a social, personal or even a tender nature. A Toronto man recently received a letter which, though called forth by a tragic occurrence, had an aspect of unconscious humor, as showing the ludicrous effect which may be created when a practical man of affairs tries to combine pathos with modern correspondence methods. The Toronto man exchanged several letters with the division superintendent of a railway in the Western States in connection with the accidental death of a relative who was employed as a trainman. The superintendent was not only the superior officer, but also a personal friend of the unfortunate victim, having worked with him in the ranks years before, and he took a deep and kindly interest in the arrangements in de necessary by the fatality. Writing to the Toronto man, he thus described the funeral: "Jim was buried yesterday in the cemetery at B—, in a large plot on the hillside, furnished by the Company. His funeral was in charge of the Brotherhood, and was beautiful, being commented upon by the papers. Poor old Jim! His rail roading days are over for ever, and now he lies in a beautiful plot, as per the above."

"You think that woman has an exceptionally kindly and generous disposition."

"Yes. She can read an entire column of society news clear through without once smiling cynically and saying 'humph!'"

Mr. Newlywed: "Ah, darling, I see you prepared some pudding with your own little hands. What kind is it, pet?"

Mrs. Newlywed: "Th—that is b— bread!"

Charity sometimes seems to end before it begins.

Do you happen to know anything more industrious than an idle rumor.

What a woman likes about a novel is the fact that it couldn't have happened in real life.

In a photograph a woman wants her husband to look distinguished and herself youthful.

Sometimes when a girl thinks that her voice harmonizes with the piano the fact is that the piano needs tuning.

Nobody ever believed that a rich man can have the blues—unless it is the kind that you cash in at the end of the game.

Clerk in book store (after fifteen minutes): "Would you care to buy that book, Madam?" Lady (absently): "Oh, no, thanks; I've almost finished it."

Mrs. Carlton: "What fine large eyes Edith's husband has." Mr. Carlton: "I never noticed it. You must have been present when he received her dressmaker's bill."

Mrs. Furbly: "You don't really mean to say that your husband is a pessimist?"

Mrs. Langside: "Yes; he gets gloomy every time he sees me looking in a store window."

Teacher: "Now, how was it that this great discovery made by Columbus was not fully appreciated until many years after his death?"

The up-to-date pupil: "Because he didn't advertise."

A Few Christmas Suggestions

by

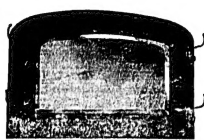
Campbell Furniture Co.

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FIRST & JASPER

Watch Daily Papers For
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Hall Mirror



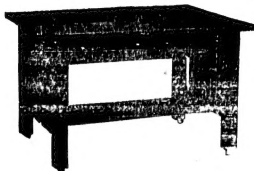
Hall Seat



Den or Card Table



Jardiniere Stand



Library Table



Den or Living Room Rocker



Pedestal



Writing Table

HOME AND SOCIETY

(Continued from Page Eleven)

The Bridgers were joined at the tea-hour by a few other guests, the tea table being a most artistic arrangement of pink and white carnations and fern, set in a billow of pink tulle. Madame Cauchon poured the tea, and Mrs. Swaisland cut the ices, while Mrs. Tom Douglas and Mrs. Roy Douglas, the two attractive daughters-in-law of the house assisted in looking after the guests.

Mrs. Harold Riley, of Calgary, has been visiting Dr. and Mrs. Wells.

The Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Bulyea entertained at a smart dinner party at Government House on Monday, the following being the guests: Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Brown, of Regina; Premier and Mrs. Sifton; The Attorney General and Mrs. Mitchell; The Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Marshall; The Hon. Archibald MacLean; Chief Justice and Mrs. Harvey, and Mr. Babbitt.

Mrs. Bulyea was wearing the beautiful Paddy green creation she wore at the Opening reception, and which was then so much admired.

The table was an artistic arrangement of lillies-of-the-valley, long graceful ropes of smilax, and pale green shaded candle lights.

Mrs. Donald Macdonald, of "Glencoe," and her children, left on Thursday to spend the winter visiting in several eastern cities.

Mrs. J. J. Anderson's tea on Tuesday, drew a fashionable crowd to her pretty home on Sixth street, where the cosy rooms were all aglow with gold and white 'mums, and the tea-table was fragrant and exquisite with a beautiful arrangement of lillies-of-the-valley.

Mrs. Bulyea and Mrs. Brown, of Regina, graced the tea, among others, and Mrs. Anderson looked chic and dainty in a most becoming frock of pale blue silk marquise veiling satin of the same shade, and trimmed with filmy rose point lace.

Mrs. Scoble, Mrs. W. E. Lines, Mrs. Malcolmson, and Madame Thibaudau did the honors of the tea room. Mrs. Tom Douglas and Miss Anna Oliver assisting.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Evans are expected back in town in time for Christmas.

Mrs. Bulyea received at Government House for the second time this season, on Thursday afternoon. The rooms were quite filled with interested callers, and were, as always, beautifully decorated. Further comment I must hold over until next week.

Dr. and Mrs. Tory have been moving, this week into their new residence in University Park, Strathcona, and Dr. and Mrs. McDonnell, who have been in residence on Eighth street, are taking their Edmonton house.

Mrs. James Powell will not receive again this month.

Mrs. Ambrose Dickens received for the first time this season on Wednesday afternoon, when shoals of people called, and enjoyed a brief visit with their hostess and a delicious cup of tea.

Last Thursday Madame Tessier gave a coming-out tea for her daughter, Miss Graziella, a great many English friends of the hostess calling, as well as most of the prominent French set at the Capital. Madame Tessier was strikingly groomed in black and white striped satin with lovely Flemish lace garnitures, while her daughter wore a sweet girlish frock of white silk marquisette over shimmering white satin, with touches of olive and deep silver fringe.

Madame Madore, another daughter of the house wore pale yellow chameuse, with touches of black velvet and filmy chiffon draperies.

Huge white 'mums and maiden-hair fern made a beautiful tea table arrangement, those presiding over the refreshments being: Mesdames Martin, Labissiere, Dubuc, Charbonneau, La Chambre, and Barry. Miss Marie, Miss Edith Richardson, Miss Mabel Finn and Miss Cecilia MacNamara, were the four attentive assistants.

Those winning the prizes at the Hospital carnival card party were:

Bridge, Mrs. Wilfrid Harrison, Mrs. James Biggar, Mrs. Tod Lane, Mrs. Wheeler, Mr. de Pas, Mr. Harry Christie, Dr. Malcolmson, Dr. J. L. Biggar, Euclure, Mrs. Reynolds, Mrs. Macdonald, Mr. Sturdy, Mr. W. H. Martin.

Mrs. R. W. Ca they is giving twin teas next Tuesday and Wednesday.

Mrs. Sifton is entertaining at luncheon today (Friday).

Mrs. N. D. Beck entertained at luncheon on Thursday.

The Alberta Women's Association will meet

Saturday, December 9, at 3 p.m. in the University building on the campus. Mrs. A. F. Ewing will give a talk on her trip through Japan and China.

WHERE THE SHOPS BECKON.

Among the many frocks worn at the smart society events this season, none have been more universally admired than some of the lovely creations planned, and carried out, by the Forbes-Taylor Co.

In no big Eastern shop will you find more exquisite materials, a wider range of the very latest French novelties, handsomer trimmings, or smarter woolen materials for coats and street suits.

And if these absolute essentials are not lacking in unlimited range, neither are the skilled tailors and dressmakers to carry out the ideas of the patrons of this exclusive shop.

This year a very large staff has been employed, the store accommodation been almost doubled, and yet it is inadequate to accommodate the patronage of the large clientele of town and outside customers.

Some of the tunic imported from Paris and New York this Autumn, are poems in filmy materials and sequins. The beaded and Berlin wool embroideries are exquisite, and with the benefit of Mrs. Forbes' unerring taste and experience to go by, visitors to, as well as residents at, the Capital, can count on knowing that the frocks they order at this smart shop, can hold their own wherever they go.

One of the stores bound to do a record Christmas trade this year is Jackson Bros. new jewelry store on Jasper East.

Nothing so elaborate in architecture and interior finishing has ever been attempted before, in any jewelry store west of Winnipeg.

Fifty-five hundred dollars alone was spent on the fixtures.

The color scheme in the main store, is an unusually beautiful and effective one. The walls are tinted pale green and white, with handsome fresco work on the ceilings and border.

The wood-work and trimmings throughout are of solid mahogany, and there are nine large display cases for jewelry and four huge wall cases.

This Saturday, and from then on, they will gleam with the beautiful glow of exquisite silver, diamonds, and jewelry, a complete new stock, and with hundreds of lovely gifts suitable for the Christmas season.

The cut glass room alone is worth spending an hour or two visiting. It is an apartment ten by ten, with mirrored walls and ceiling, a marble border around the base, and a huge cut-glass globe sending a thousand reflected lights over case after case of the most exquisite cut glass. There is a large work room in the rear as large as the whole display portion of the store. Here are manufactured all kinds of exclusive designs in jewelry; the most up-to-date machinery and expert workmen, combining to turn out any order, no matter how difficult. The firm have connections with Montreal to enable them to obtain the absolutely correct time every morning.

On the West side of the store is the diamond room, and on the East, the engraving room. In every detail, lighting space, and an unequalled selection of goods, Jackson Bros. have had it in mind to make their new store a model one. With the designers and architects they collaborated to make it what it is, a delightful rendezvous for gift-seekers for any and all occasions. This Saturday they will be glad to see all their old patron and all others who appreciate "things beautiful," in fitting surroundings.

A NEW FIRM IN THE FUR BUSINESS.

The firm of Ross Limited, Manufacturing Furriers, of London, Ontario, capitalized at \$50,000, desiring expansion, chose Edmonton as a suitable location and so are now incorporated under the laws of our province.

This firm is well known in Western Ontario, having been established since 1885. Their integrity and up-to-date methods appeal to all lovers of fair dealing. The manufacturing equipment combined with expert skill has placed them in the front rank as high class manufacturers in their line. Their methods also of eliminating all middle profits by privileging the purchaser to deal direct with the manufacturer, gives a distinct advantage which successfully overcomes the opposition of dealers not so favorably placed.

They also thoroughly know their product, and can intelligently guarantee every fur and fur garment sold in their show rooms. Being also in constant touch with the markets at all times their fur prices are at the lowest minimum.

Another important essential of the success in this business is the correctness of their styles, which are always up to date by a constant and close following of the world's fur fashions.

This concern deserves the heartiest support of our good citizens and should succeed in their enterprise.

At their show rooms, 240 Jasper avenue West, visitors will be welcomed to inspect their large and rich display of the latest fashions of the day.

FINE NEW JEWELRY STORE ADDED TO EDMONTON'S SHOPPING DISTRICT

OPENING SATURDAY DEC. 9th

JACKSON BROS. STORE 235-237 JASPER AVENUE EAST.

A WORK OF ART

It is safe to assume that only a very small proportion of those who enter the splendid new premises of Jackson Bros. will realize the enterprise and energy that a new store such as this represents. Edmonton is a big town now, with shopping facilities exceeding any place of its size anywhere on the globe. Therefore the man or men who essay to enter the front rank of Edmonton's Merchants, and accomplish it, must have large resources of such things as courage, enterprise, knowledge, and experience.

There is nothing you buy so much on faith as Jewelry, precious stones, and a hundred other things which come from a Jewelry store. Therefore you are interested in the 'men behind,' their policies and ideals.

The Jackson Bros. are men of practical experience, having learned the Art of Manufacturing each branch of the Jewelry trade in large business houses of the East.

The present store is not the result of a sudden inspiration. It is the consummation of two years of careful planning, study and work. But to such good effect did they plan and work that when you see the stock that this store contains, gathered literally from the four corners of the earth, and the artistic and convenient manner in which it is displayed, you

will agree that you never have seen a finer store or a more inviting place to shop.

When you enter Jackson Bros. the treasures of the world are before you. Holland, India, England, Germany, Italy, France, "Our Neighbor to the South," not forgetting Canada, have all contributed those things in which they excel towards a stock of Gold, Silver, Marble, Cut Glass and articles of varied description and of cunning and unusual design.

There is one thing Jackson Bros. brought from their old premises, corner Queens avenue and Jasper East, a determination not to have a dissatisfied customer. Now this is not as easy an undertaking as would first appear. It involves the article purchased, the price, the method of selling, even the delivery of it.

Jackson Bros. have but one price and that a moderate and fair one. Every member of the staff, whatever branch, is filled with the determination to place their store on the highest possible plane, as regards efficiency, satisfaction, and service; it is the people's store.

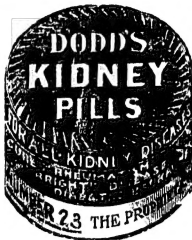
The new store is handsome in the extreme, situated in what is acknowledged to be the heart of Edmonton's shopping district. It's advent offers you a new place to shop, and one which is bound to be appreciated because the principles behind it are right.

Visit Their New Store.

A Cordial Welcome Awaits You.

JACKSON BROS.

Leading Jewelers.

Marriage Licences Issued.
235-237 Jasper Ave. E.G.T.P. Watch Inspectors.
Phone 1747.

CRANFORD HOUSE

519 Seventh Street

This week your attention is called to two or three beautiful antique china cabinets, some fine old English hall tables (both in walnut and mahogany); to a display of old Turkish pottery, including rose-jars, water bottles, ash trays and tobacco jars; to two Jacobean hall chairs in old walnut, with high backs and caned seats; a gate-legged table, also in old walnut, as well as a fine display of china, Sheffield plate and other Antique Furniture.

Sensible
Practical
Gifts for
Everybody

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

Christmas
Goods that
Speak for
Themselves

You made a mistake if you think a Hardware Store is dull and stupid—now or at any time. A few minutes in our Store will convince you we have a large and varied stock of Xmas Gift. Shoppers are made welcome to the freest inspection of our stock regardless of whether or not they are ready to buy.

Pocket Knives, from 15c to \$3.00
Carving Set, from \$2.75 to \$12.50
Coffee Percolators \$3.75 to \$4.50
Nickel Plated Tea and Coffee Pots, from \$1.25 to \$3.50
Chafing Dishes, Nickel Plated and Polished Copper, from \$7.50 to \$12.50
Razors—King Cutter, Carbo Magnetic, Ever Ready, Yankee, Gillette, from \$1.50 to \$7.50
Skates—Automobile and Cycle. The lightest, strongest and most durable skate on the market, from \$1.25 to \$6
Silverware—A very fine line of 1847 Rodgers goods in Spoons, Forks, Knives, Berry Spoons, Meat Forks, etc., at reasonable price.

The Chown Hardware

20 JASPER AVENUE EAST

AN AMERICAN QUERY.

Stories continue to come in of the doings of Americans during the Coronation. Every American goes sight-seeing, and as one of the conducted trips drove past Grosvenor House the guide pointing it out said: "That is the town house of the Duke of Westminster, one of our largest landed proprietors." A pretty girl on the second seat looked up in sudden enthusiasm. "Oh!" she cried. "Who landed him?"—Tit-Bits.

ABOUT ALL

Bride: "Were you very much embarrassed, dear, when you proposed to me?"
Hubby: "Only about £20,000, love."—Variety Life.

PHILOSOPHIC

He: "Whenever I borrow money I go to a pessimist."
She: "Why?"
He: "Because a pessimist never expects to get it back again."—Winnipeg Tribune.

Change in Prices

FREDERICTON

It is situated on Alberta Avenue and adjoins Sherbrooke which has been on the Market for some time. The size of the lots is 50x140 THE PRESENT PRICES, FROM \$165 to \$300, are lower than the surrounding Property. We have some splendid high and dry Lots left at the old prices

We have been instructed by the owners of this property that on December 20th the prices of these lots will be INCREASED 25 PER CENT. over their present value

NOW IS THE TIME to get the Choice Lots at the Old Prices from the Sole Agents:

F. C. LOWES & COMPANY

Phone 4064

636 First Street

PEACE, PEACE, BUT THERE WAS NO PEACE.

Apropos of the recent change of Government a good story is going the rounds about a well-known Toronto divine. It seems at the last Christmas season he was invited to preach a sermon to the inmates of a lunatic asylum, and was obliging enough to accede to the request. He chose as his text the seasonable verse, "Peace on Earth, Goodwill to Men," and was delighted with the rapt attention paid by the patients to his discourse. As he was leaving the building, however, he was accosted by one of the inmates, who complimented him on his sermon, but remarked: "But, doctor, you missed the whole point of the sermon." The clergyman expressed his regrets, and inquired what that important point might be. The man explained "You preached 'Peace on Earth, Goodwill to Men,' you know we'll never in the world get it as long as the Grits are in power."

MILLE-ILES

(A fragment from the French of Octave Cremazie)

Translated by John Boyd

When Eve had from the tree of life
With her fair hand plucked death,
Upon the earth remorse appeared,
And blight fell from its breath.

Archangels, then, upon their wings
Bore Eden, stifled, away,
And placed it in the heavens above,
Where spheres eternal sway.

But, as they upward winged their flight
They let fall on their way
Fair flowers from Edens bowers divine,
As signs of their brief stay.

And into the mighty river fell
These flowers of varied hue,
To form the beautiful Thousand Isles,
A Paradise to view.

An ordinary beer-bottle cork if thrust to the bottom of a bathful of water will, when released, rapidly come to the surface. This can be tried at home.

A CITY OF DANGERS.

Mosul, on the western bank of the Tigris, is described in "The Short Cut to India," by David Fraser, as a place of some difficulty for the residents. Prices of every mortal thing are dearer than anywhere else in Turkey. Water is procured only from the Tigris, and every drop required must be carried therefrom in skins upon donkeys. Two pounds a month is a very ordinary expenditure on this essential, and provides but a scanty bath.

To go out at night is to place one's life in jeopardy. To walk across the bridge in broad daylight is a danger, owing to the frailty of the structure. The bridge is a wonderful affair, and yields an income of some thousands of pounds annually to the contractor who farms it from the government. Three hundred yards of it is solid masonry, and the remaining one hundred and fifty yards a wooden platform laid upon a row of crazy boats.

Where the bridge of boats abuts the shore at one end and the stone bridge at the other are the points of danger, for owing to the height of the river when it was there, the joinings were at a slope of forty-five degrees, and consisted of narrow gangways, up which people, sheep, cattle, donkeys, mules, horses and camels had to scramble. No wonder there were many fallings into the water, dangerous water, too, for it coursed like a cataract between the boats, and swirled and boiled in fierce eddies and whirlpools below the bridge.

One poor Zablle, with rifle sling and bandoliers strapped across his chest, was walking across, when his horse slipped at the ascent to the boat part of the bridge, and both fell into the water. The horse was rescued, but the man was drowned. Life has small value in Mosul, however, and nobody bothered to mend the huge holes in the bridge or to make its passage less precarious.

AUNT MARTHA—AT HOME

"Dear me suz, I don't know when I've ad such poor luck with biscuits!" said Aunt Martha, refilling the plate with flaky concoctions. The sleigh-load of young folks, from Brusselville way, that had dropped in on this moonlight evening, however, seemed able to "worry down" the biscuits and the other viands with which their motherly hostess piled them.

"Cyrus, you go skim another pan!" she commanded her comfortable spouse. "Good thick cream'll help this coffee to go down," sniffing critically, "fer it ain't quite up to—." And she paused accommodatingly for the merry chorus of protest, and then smilingly filled the cups all round again.

"Bring along that stone crock, too, Cyrus!" she called. "It sets atop of the milk-safe! I'd most forgot the doughnuts, though mebbey you can't eat 'em. This rule ain't as good as the one I gen'rally use."

Remarkable to relate, the doughnuts, too, proved edible. When Aunt Martha, passing crisp, delicious ginger cookies, volubly regretted their unfitness for eating purposes, Uncle Cyrus's eyes began to twinkle continuously.

"Bless me!" She had finally stopped "passing things," and was seated, beaming at the display of

healthy appetites, which were working havoc among her supplies. "Seems 's if every time you boys 'n' girls happen in this winter I don't have anything to eat. Now don't think you got t' eat that punkin pie, jest to be polite!" "Better not specify so pertick'ler about the quality of the victuals, Marthy," Uncle Cyrus could stand it no longer. "Now it strikes me 's bein' providential like fer a lot o' young folks to happen in, when you got all this poor stuff!"—he winked delightedly at the pretty school-teacher from the Corners—"baked up. Don't up 'n' spile our chances o' gettin' rid o' the truck!"

A German archaeologist has conclusively proved that there were no railings round the Garden of Eden.

Used wax matches have little or no commercial value in Iceland.

The common house-fly can lift nearly eight times its own weight, but it is seldom employed for this purpose in the British Isles.

Cornish fishermen will refuse to go out with visitors who use rabbits as bait.

By superstitious people green figs are considered to be a sign of a severe winter.—London Punch.

THE WELLMAN-GIBBS CO.

This new real estate firm has attracted considerable attention since its location in Edmonton. Great throngs of people are continually standing about the premises gazing upon the Bulletin Board, which is a very novel feature of their business. The purpose is to display cartoons illustrating the real estate situation in Edmonton and for advertising any listings of property which they may have or of any real estate men in the city who should avail themselves of the opportunities which this firm is pleased to share with other business men of the city.

In another part of the paper is placed an advertisement calling attention to the opening of River View Heights, McKernan Estate; a beautifully located piece of property.

Wellman Gibbs are also sole agents for College Park.

With their wide experience and continued publicity for the city of Edmonton their success is to a large extent being obtained.

THE CHRISTMAS READING

Thomas A. Daly, in December Canada Monthly.

The herald winds of Christmas sleep
High-cradled on the wooded steep.
The far stars only are a-thrill
With life; the night is cold and still.
Come gather 'round the ingle-nook
And from its shelf take down the book
Wherein the masters' genius drew
Those pictures old, but ever new,
Whose "Christmas Carol's" deathless chime
Beats down the envious touch of time.
Here let the children sit, and there
Beneath the lamp's light place thy chair.
Take, thou, the book, O! golden voice
And read the pages of thy choice.
Tell us of Scrooge and Marley's ghost,
Of all our favorites old; but most
Tell us with tenderness of him
We laugh and weep with—Tiny Tim.
Call thou the soul to every face
About thee in this holy place.
We shall not be ashamed at all
For frank, sweet tears you cause to fall;
But fervently, with eyelids dim
And hearts attuned to Tiny Tim,
We'll quote his words when you have done,
And say, "God bless us, every one."

\$325 BUYS

5 Acres in

Fort George

B. C.

Grand Trunk Divisional Point
Terms only \$25 Cash Down & \$20 per month for balance
No Interest No Taxes Clear Title
EDMONTON LOCATORS LTD.
Old Post Office Building

Along the North Saskatchewan

Although I have been in the West these last six years, I have never before been in Northern Saskatchewan and Alberta in winter. The twenty-second of November is early, but it is winter all the same. The shortest day is only a month off and it's as short here as in England. As usual, the temperature of the train is high, so that you watch the passing snow from a philosophical point of view.

This morning I saw what I have wanted to see for many years. "The Great Lone Land" which the late Sir William Butler wrote in 1872, about his journey across this very country. I do not think I have ever crossed the North Saskatchewan River, west of Langham, without seeing Butler walking with his dog team on the ice, on the way from Edmonton to Fort Garry, a great feat that will probably never be performed by any British officer in these comfortable times of Pullman cars.

I haven't thought of Butler at the Battleford crossing seventy miles farther up, or at Prince Albert, seventy miles farther down—perhaps because it was here I first saw the river, and because you get down to the bridge by a long descent of the high, ravine-cut banks. Anyway, you see the big river with its long wood-covered islands, and in the dryer times, its changing sandbars, losing itself in a great bend towards the east. It is always easy to picture the figures of Butler and his dogs and his Indians, trudging along, and perhaps halting as the sunlight began to wane, to make a simple camp in a grove.

Doukhobors, But in The Family.

Just before you come to the water tank whose name has been changed from Elbow to Ceepee, there is a Doukhobor village, just above the line,

in the shoulder of the hill. This morning the smoke was lazily curling up from their chimneys and up the hill two men were bringing a team and sleigh-load of firewood.

The village is beautiful for situation. Miles of the river, the opposite hills that are its immediate prison are but the base of a quiet slope that rises back and back into the horizon. It is indeed a place to remember—and always for me, Butler on the ice. The Doukhobor never sees Butler. He has never heard of him. Why should he?

To the Doukhobor this Saskatchewan has no past, no magic of history, no spell of tradition. Leading down to the river are deep buffalo paths, that jolt the wagon that crosses them. Here and there are groups of buffalo wallows, where the great shaggy beasts, with levithan heads dug up the soil within the circumference of their own bodies, and left saucer-like dents in the fallow ground. That's the past, as the Doukhobor sees it.

And the Doukhobor becomes a Canadian citizen; and so far a pillar of the Empire—speaker of the Russian tongue, unlettered exile from Caucasia that he is. And his children are the native-born inheritors of all that Canada, all that Britain ever gave to the sons of the blood.

Forty Years Ago.

What brought Butler on to this frozen river forty years ago? What made him Commander-in-Chief at Table Bay? Just that he was a soldier of the Queen. He came to help put down the revolt of a wild, vain malcontent. The rebellion was over when he arrived, and he accepted service as a bearer of messages across fifteen hundred miles of prairie country, because he was a British officer; and wished some quality of service to attach to his adventure into this Great Lone Land.

The Doukhobor doesn't know, I doubt, whether his children are told such things as these. Does the word "British" mean anything to them? If it doesn't it soon should. It may be too large an order to expect that these industrious tillers of an opulent soil shall seize gloriously their partnership in London and Calcutta; Singapore and Melbourne; Auckland and the Cape, as keenly as some of us do whose travel on land and sea knows little cessation. But the fundamental of that association, that splendid linkage that lifts British citizenship into a region which no other citizenship may approach, belongs as much to the prairie as it does to Piccadilly—and more.

For here, right here, by this whited valley, 's the creative and the re-creative work of this blessed Empire being accomplished more than in Piccadilly. It is a miracle that so it should be. It is almost as great a miracle that men should know it for what it is.

Never since have I ceased to marvel at the imperturbable courage, of Joseph Nolin, Esq., member of the Legislative Assembly of the Province of Saskatchewan. He's as courageous as he is big. We travelled in a double-seated democrat—a light wagon, wider than a buggy, which is all very fine for young fellows and girls; but rather a nuisance for men of Joe's size. It was desirable for Joe to occupy the front seat, as he had to drive the team of hardy causers. He occupied it, splendidly, for there was little enough room for me beside him, and I sat in the rear.

Where White Man Grumbled.

As I carried the borrowed gun, and was looking for chicken all the time, and as they were from time to time discoverable in front of our speeding horses; and as I am somewhat impulsive with the trigger, you may know how courageous Joe was. He was too polite to express anxiety about my shooting even when he saw what good sport it was for the birds. If I had deprived him of an ear, I

believe he would have asked me if there wasn't something wrong with the gun. I noticed he talked more freely when night was fully come, the chickens were at rest; and the gun was packed away. Twelve miles we drove in the dark, and Joe lived the time with some of the best electioneering stories I have ever heard.

Well, this train flees to Lloydminster eighty-five miles beyond the Battlefords through Paynton, and Bresaylor, Maidstone and Birling, Waseca, Lashburn and Marshall; and it's time to prepare to meet some of the Barr Colonists. At the moment I see a long low hill, four or five miles to the southward. It has an Indian name, which I can't remember, but I know it means, "The Hill Where the White Man Grumbled at His Food."—By Arthur Hughes for British News in Canada.

THE INVESTOR.

(Continued from Page Twelve.)

ductive of loss. With so many examples of this before it, it is surprising that councillors have not learned wisdom.

The proposition of the Canadian Investment Co. to sell to the Strathcona council 194 lots close to the railway for factory sites was turned down at this week's council meeting despite the vigorous fight put for it by Mayor Davies and Ald. Tipton.

The advertising which Allan Haynes Ltd. has been doing in the eastern papers in connection with the cement company, has been read with keen interest by Edmontonians who are not slow to recognize its value to the city. It is exceedingly well written and must do a great deal towards making known the claims of Edmonton as a field for enterprise.

Red Deer citizens recently held a banquet in honor of Mr. W. P. Bull, a well-known Toronto lawyer who has brought about the investment of a large amount of British capital in the district.

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

TALES OUT OF SCHOOL.

To find a genuine mingling of pathos and humor one should visit a class for defective children, for the sight of overgrown girls and boys striving with impaired faculties to emulate their more fortunate fellow-creatures is a sad one, while their blissfully unconscious humor makes laughter and tears come very near together. The love their kind teachers inspire in them is most noticeable, and one ardent scholar was heard to remark: "My teacher is the most beautiful lady in the world." A visitor to one of these classes who is interested in music, asked the class what was their favorite morning hymn. At first there was no response, then a large lad frankly waved his hand to attract attention, and when the visitor said, "Well, my boy, what is your favorite hymn?" he was startled to learn that it was "Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly?"

In the same class a boy, apropos of nothing at all, spoke up and said: "Teacher, I know where brown sugar comes from."

"Do you?" the teacher replied. "Yes; it comes from a big, brown rock."

"Oh, no, that is not where we get brown sugar from."

"Yes it is, teacher," he insisted. "I saw the rock."

A wiser schoolmate nudged him vigorously, and exclaimed in a stage whisper: "You fool, it doesn't come from a rock—don't you know we get brown sugar from Eaton's!"—Toronto Saturday Night.

A young teacher was speaking of the various excuses given for absence, and they certainly do appeal to those with a sense of humor. They come on scraps of brown wrapping paper or on beautifully monogrammed stationery, and as a sample she told of one received that day which read thus:

"Dear Teacher: Please excuse Mamie for being away from school yesterday, for she went to the dressmaker's to have a fit."

"From Her Mother."

Another excuse was given by a boy in the same class, who explained his absence in this way:

"When I went home for lunch, my mother had an awful bad headache, and I was afraid of catching it, so I went to the theatre."

—O—

"What sort of person is this new neighbor of yours?"

"Well, I can't just make out whether she's a nobody flying high, or a somebody lying low."

THE EDMONTON IDEA

IDEALS

It is not difficult for any observing business man to realize that business, and particularly manufacturing, in a new country is EXPERIMENTAL rather than SCIENTIFIC, with resulting wastes that are ruinously expensive and primitively needless.

There is only one remedy for this condition and that is EFFICIENCY; there is only one route to efficiency and that is ORGANIZATION; and there is only one thing that ever brings about organization and that is IDEALS.

It has been said in a previous article that the Edmonton Idea is a System of Business founded on three great principles—Ideals, Organization and Efficiency.

IDEALS are not dreams. They are visions of future realities; yet to be created, out of the foundation of present-day Opportunities, Genius and Optimism. And all progress has been but realization of Ideals which it has been the privilege of a few men to apprehend. As an illustration of what this means in Edmonton, two examples will suffice—the Edmonton Portland Cement Company and the Roadways of Northern Alberta.

Edmonton Portland Cement Company

The Edmonton Portland Cement Company owns about four hundred acres of land containing vast deposits of Marl and Clay. These materials are sufficient for the manufacture of more than twelve million barrels of Portland Cement. This is the Opportunity.

A plant of twenty large buildings is being constructed on this property and the practical methods which are being observed in the building of the plant are well enough illustrated by the comment of Mr. J. W. Young, a wealthy manufacturer of Chicago and Vice-President of the Chalmers and Williams Company, who recently visited this city for the purpose of completing a sale of some thirty thousand dollars' worth of machinery to the Edmonton Portland Cement Company. Mr. Young said, in an interview in one of the Edmonton daily papers:

"I am convinced the company is working along right lines. They are installing their machinery very sensibly. I don't say that because I am supplying some of it; indeed, I only supply one section; other manufacturing firms are supplying other big parts of the plant. But anything the company is installing has passed the experimental stage."

The most modern and scientific methods of plant construction are being employed in building this plant. When it is completed about midsummer of next year, it will give employment to about one hundred and thirty men. Marlboro, the model working men's

town, will be built around the plant. And this institution, in converting this deposit of Marl and Clay into wealth at the rate of nearly one million dollars per year, of which about one-half will be paid in wages to working men and the remainder in dividends to shareholders, is an Ideal.

The most expert factory methods known in modern manufacturing will be employed and every working man will be daily disciplined in the elementary principles of right in his own work.

Converting this Muskeg into a prosperous community, transforming a heretofore worthless deposit of minerals into thirty millions of dollars of wealth in the next forty years; and giving profitable employment for more than a generation to nearly one hundred and fifty working men is one IDEAL certainly worthy of realization.

Northern Alberta Railways

The Province of Alberta is destined to be one of the greatest wealth-producing sections of North America. The soil is of an unsurpassed fertility and has a potential wealth producing value of more than \$25 an acre. It is estimated that there are fully one hundred million of acres of land in the Province of Alberta available for settlement and susceptible of profitable cultivation. Of this land less than two per cent. has ever felt the plow. When the Province of Alberta is fully occupied and these one hundred million acres are under cultivation it will mean a population of from two to five million people and an annual production of wealth in this single province of fully two billions of dollars—figures that almost stagger the imagination.

But, with the occupation of this great province comes the very serious problem of ROADWAYS. This soil which is fabulously wealthy in crop-producing value is almost impossible in road making during unfavorable seasons of the year. And there is not enough available gravel or rock in this whole province to make one per cent. of its necessary roadways.

But, away to the north, is a deposit of asphaltum of such prodigious proportions as to be almost beyond belief. This asphaltum can be converted into the finest paving material at a comparatively small cost and this means that the Province of Alberta may, if its citizens are courageous in the measure of their own opportunities, have a net work of roadways as beautifully paved as the streets of any metropolitan city, and at no greater cost than ordinary macadam. This is a national Ideal thoroughly worthy of development.

ALLAN HAYNES LIMITED